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## Thanksgiving By Contraries

By Flora Charlotte Finley

**I**F I'D ONLY been lucky enough to have had another name!" mused Patience Stanley as she stood at her ironing-table one morning.

"Impatience, now, would suit me to a T, and I am sure I could live up to my name in a truly praiseworthy manner. Here it is nearly Thanksgiving and me without chick or child to welcome home and make a fuss over and no kin-folks to go to except second cousin Jane Perkins, and she lives so far away 'twould take most all the butter 'n eggs money for a month to get there 'n back again. 'Taint much I've got to give thanks for to be sure," she went on to herself, holding a flatiron in seemingly dangerous proximity to her cheek for a moment to test its warmth, then ironing with such vigor on a crash towel that she quite failed to hear a rap at the back kitchen door, and started violently as a voice behind her said:

"Good mornin' Mis Stanley—I knocked, but seems as 'o you didn't hear me—"

"Well, no, I didn't, to be sure," said Mrs. Stanley gazing with dismay at the scorched imprint of her flatiron on the towel—

"I was so busy thinkin' I didn't notice. Take a chair Mrs. Swan and lay off your wraps. It's right chilly this mornin', aint it?"

"Yes," assented Mrs. Swan, unpinning and throwing back her ample shawl as she spoke.

"Real nice, seasonable weather for Thanksgiving! I call this—roads froze right up solid 's a rock and no snow yet, but I think from the way the winds sets 'n the fire sputters this mornin', twon't be long before we get a flurry, 'n I do know I'd be sorry not to have it. It seems more like Thanksgiving to have snow and I'm allus glad to see it snowy at Christmas, for you know 'a green Christmas'—!"

She paused suggestively and Mrs. Stanley gave an impatient sniff—

"Yes, I know the sayin' but it'll take more'n sayin' to make me think a green Christmas has anything to do with a full churchyard."

"Well," said Mrs. Swan apologetically, "Ever since Amandy died the winter after I picked a pansy blow in the yard on Christmas day, I've noticed it more. May be it's silly, but I can't help it, somehow."

"Yes," assented Mrs. Stanley, feeling she perhaps had been a little hasty in her reply, "a thing like that does make a person think more of such things I suppose."

"What do you callate to do for Thanksgiving?" asked Mrs. Swan. "I suppose you'll have somebody here or go—somewhere," she added vaguely as Mrs. Stanley did not at once reply but bent stiffly to put another stick in the stove.

"Well," she said as she rose from her stooping position and shook the particles of wood dirt from her apron—"I don't expect to do any different from any other Thursday—that's the day I always sweep my upstairs chambers and I do 'n know 's I feel called upon to upset my housekeepin' just because the President has appointed that day to celebrate. I'll celebrate by bein' clean I guess—I haven't no kinfolks to come and none to visit, so what's the use?"

"Oh!" murmured Mrs. Swan, dismayed at such unheard of sentiments. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's, Mis Stanley. If we was goin' to be hum ourselves I'd sure ask you to join us but we're all goin' to my son Elnathan's to dinner—him and his wife 's allus been to our house, but this year they said as how it wasn't quite fair for us not to come to their house sometimes 'n anyway the baby is kind o' delicate and Mary was afraid to bring her as far in the cold—she's my first and only grandchild you see, 'n

I wouldn't have 'em take any risks with her for nothin' in this world."

"How old's your son?" abruptly inquired Mrs. Stanley. "He's just thirty," replied Mrs. Swan with pride. "If my Ben had lived he'd a been thirty, too," said Mrs. Stanley, turning swiftly away and beginning to fold her ironing-sheet. "May be if he'd lived, I'd had something to give thanks for, too," she went on. "Now I feel 's if everything I'd loved and cared for 's gone and it don't matter what I do."

Her voice broke and she wiped her eyes on the holder. Mrs. Swan's eyes were dim. "Well," she began, "I feel for you, Mis Stanley, I do indeed. But you have this to console you—he's safe now, 'n if he'd lived he might not have been a comfort to you after all. You've got that to be thankful for. I must go home now. Good bye Mis Stanley. Come over soon."

Mrs. Stanley stood still when Mrs. Swan left her. Through the window she could see her visitor's brown plaid shawl passing through the gate and on past the barn across the field where stood her own house.

"Rather backhanded thankfulness," she mused to



By courtesy of The Perry Picture Company.

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From painting by Boughton. 1884.

Pilgrims Going To Church

herself. "I guess I could find a good many things to be thankful for I haven't got. That's a funny idea," she suddenly exclaimed aloud. "Thankgivin' by contraries! I'll do it! Let's see. What have I most to be thankful for not possessin'? I'm mighty thankful I don't have to be laid up with a broken hip like poor Nancy Blake over there!" she said as she saw the smoke rising from the chimney of a small house some distance across the fields. "I guess while I'm bakin' I'll make her up a batch of things. May be she won't have a regular Thanksgiving dinner this year."

Filled with this pleasant idea Mrs. Stanley quite forgot her gloomy feelings and actually hummed a little song as she deftly rolled and trimmed her pie-crust, crimping it artistically around the edges and marking it with the print of the front door key which she carefully washed and floured.

"There now! That looks good enough to eat sure, if I do say so," she remarked with pride as she pushed the pie into the warmest corner of the oven and glanced at the clock. "I'll take it down after dinner 'n get some slips of her geranium; she promised me some quite a spell ago. What's that I wonder," as a knock sounded on the back door. It was a weak uncertain knock and Mrs. Stanley hastily opened the door expecting to see some neighbor's child. Instead there stood before her a tramp, so woeful and miserable that although Mrs. Stanley always bragged that she

never encouraged tramps, she hadn't the heart to shut the door with her customary firmness in the face of this man, who, in a feeble voice begged to come by the fire for a few moments.

"May you get warm! Why certain. Set right here and put your feet on this piece of carpet. Have you traveled far?"

"Quite a ways, marm, thank'ee," replied the tramp, holding out his blue hands to the cheerful warmth.

Mrs. Stanley returned to her cooking and there was no sound in the kitchen but the ticking of the clock and the buzzing of a belated housefly on the window.

"He's about the age my Ben would 'a been. I'm thankful—" Here as the sense of the word came to her she smiled through tears. "Yes, I'm thankful 'taint Ben. May be I've got an old coat and some warmer shoes that'll fit him."

With Mrs. Stanley, to think was to act. Leaving the tramp alone, with (for her) unheard of carelessness, she ascended to the store room and presently came down with warm garments, faded and worn, but clean and far better than the ones the tramp wore.

"Here," she said, "you go in here," opening the door into a small bedroom next the kitchen, "and put these on. They ain't the latest cut but I guess they'll keep you warmer than those rags you've got on."

With a simple but very eloquent "thank you," the tramp vanished to return in a few moments comfortably clad and looking really happy.

"You've given me cause to celebrate Thanksgiving day, marm," he said gratefully. "Is there anything I could do for you before I go on?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Stanley abruptly. "You sit right where you was and get warm through and have a good meal of victuals before you start on. 'Taint quite Thanksgiving day but I guess a dinner won't come amiss if 'tis only Wednesday instead of Thursday."

The tramp had more than mere creature comforts to make him thankful before he went on his way for Mrs. Stanley by kindly questioning drew from him his story and by her interest and motherly advice helped the young man who was a tramp only through illfortune and not from idleness. The gift of pies and cookies baked for Nancy Blake was divided to add to the substantial lunch she put up for the boy and after he had gone she paid her visit to the afflicted Nancy and returned home in the frosty early evening carrying the geraniums carefully wrapped in a newspaper.

As she untied the package to put them in water a little verse met her eyes. Putting on her glasses she read:

"Do all the good you can,  
In all the ways you can,  
To all the people you can  
And just as long as you can."

"Well, I guess that was meant for me," she said, carefully smoothing out the wrinkles and pinning the scrap up beside the clock case.

"I'll put that where I can see it pretty often and may be I can learn to live up to my name as it is." And after the light was out and sleep was very near she murmured to herself

"Do all the good you can—"  
"Yes, I'm truly thankful I found that. I have got things to be thankful for and there's lots of things I haven't got that I'm thankfuler for, so if I 'do all the good I can' I guess I won't need the President to appoint a day for my Thanksgiving. I can have it every day." And she fell asleep with a happy smile on her face, to dream of Ben.

Vick's for 1906 will be larger and better than ever before. We have an attractive list of good things for our readers and feel sure that those who send us fifty cents for a yearly subscription, or one dollar for three years, will be more than pleased with the investment. We call your special attention to our liberal clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue.

# A Perfect Thanksgiving

By Hilda Richmond

"Of course you couldn't do anything else," said Mrs. Delmar with a frown on her pretty face, "but I think he was very inconsiderate. The idea of burdening us with a child, when she really has no claim on you is preposterous."

"Elizabeth is the child of his cousin, while her mother was my half sister," explained Mr. Delmar, "so I think I am as much responsible for her well-being as he. The child will be very little trouble, I think, and you can easily find a nurse or maid to take care of her. Fred's wife must go to the hospital and there is really no other place for the little thing."

"O, it isn't the care she will need," said his wife hastily, "but she will be a shy, awkward little thing and cry for everything and nothing. A hotel is no place for a child anyway, and our friends will think we are imposing upon them, for we cannot keep her out of sight always. I suppose they will not object, if we explain that she is only to stay a few weeks. You know the rules of this place expressly forbid letting rooms to people with children."

"I have made that all right with Wilson and we will have to make the best of it. You had better engage a maid for her today as she is to come on the ten-thirty train in the morning."

"I'll get her some decent clothes first," said Mrs. Delmar decidedly. "If you could tell me something about how large she is, I would have them all ready, but as it is, I will have her meals brought to our room till I can clothe her as little girls should be dressed. Did you say she is six?"

"Really, Helen, I do not know. I don't think I ever saw the child, but she must be older than that. I wouldn't venture to buy anything till she gets here."

Mrs. Delmar could have wept when she took a critical look at her unwelcome charge next day, for her worst fears were realized. A timid little creature of five with hair tightly braided in pig tails, a dark gingham dress, heavy shoes, sunburned face and rough little hands came into the sitting room clinging to Mr. Delmar's hand and that gentleman looked worried beyond endurance. He watched his wife anxiously to see if she would have a smile and kind word for the stranger, but she only frowned as she noticed every detail of the homely costume and took in the fact that the child had wept till her face was swollen and dirty with soot. It took real heroism she thought to lead the child away to the bath room and then hunt among her scanty things for a clean frock.

"She wouldn't eat a bite, so I left her crying in her bed," said Mrs. Delmar when her task was finished at last. "I am afraid we will have trouble with her, for she is as stubborn as can be. If you will stay here for an hour or two, I will go out and buy some dresses and shoes for her. Did you ever see anything so horrible as the clothes she had on? I should think any woman would know better than to dress a child in dark gingham."

"Fred told me his wife had been in bed for almost three months and Elizabeth was in charge of a very incompetent hired girl. He said they dreaded to send her to the city looking as she did, but it was impossible to remedy matters. You know, dear, where there is sickness in the house a great many things must be excused."

But Mrs. Delmar was already on her way down the elevator to go shopping and her husband wondered how little Elizabeth would fare in an exclusive hotel where children were regarded as a nuisance and not allowed except when special permission was granted by the manager. "If she were only beautiful and bright and fairy-like there might be a chance," he mused, but when he remembered the unpromising child with tear stained face and bunched clothes, he was forced to sigh and be glad she was only to be with them a short time.

"I have engaged a nice young girl for Elizabeth and found some pretty clothes," said Mrs. Delmar bursting in on his reverie. "Has she cried or called? The new maid says she is sure good clothes will make a difference and she is to keep her out of doors as much as possible. The only fortunate thing about it

all is that this pleasant September weather will make it possible to keep her out of the hotel. I really begin to feel better since I can depend on Maggie to take care of her. You remember Maggie, Charles? She was with Mrs. Keith three years and has had all that experience."

"How is Elizabeth getting along?" asked Mr. Delmar when he came home two days later from a short business trip.

"To tell the truth," said Mrs. Delmar rather reluctantly, "I haven't seen the child since the day she came. Maggie gets up early and takes her out for a walk and I have been so busy with calls and receptions and shopping I have not had time to think of her. Maggie says she is all right and doesn't cry any more. I will ring and have her brought in so we can see for ourselves how she looks."

"Isn't she a dear?" asked Maggie with pride as she led her small charge into the sitting room and noticed with delight the astonished looks of Mr. and Mrs. Delmar. "Go on, Elizabeth. Don't you remember what Maggie told you to do?"

"Can it be possible?" said Mrs. Delmar holding out her hand graciously to the timid child. "Come here, dear. Uncle Charles wants to see you."

Mr. Delmar thought of the frown and sigh of two days before and said to himself that clothes make a great difference but in his heart he was relieved to find that they had made a difference with Elizabeth. He lifted the little girl in her simple white dress and dainty shoes to his knee and searched in his pocket for the toy he had remembered to bring her. "Suppose we take her down to dinner with us, Helen," he said. "Maggie may like a few minutes for a walk or rest since she has had her all day."

"I am perfectly delighted," said Mrs. Delmar when they came from the dining room, "with her behavior. In these days when children are so pert and forward it is a relief to find a shy little one. Isn't she lovely, when she lets her curls droop over her face? Where were our eyes that we didn't know she was beautiful in spite of the dust and dirt the other day? I am ashamed to think how coldly I met the tired, discouraged little thing."

"I hope she won't be spoiled by attention," said Mr. Delmar. "She is likely to become a great pet, if she keeps her delightful ways, and a fashionable hotel is no place for a child. We must let Maggie keep her away from the people as much as possible."

Mr. Delmar forsook his club before Elizabeth had been in the hotel two weeks and hurried home every evening to find his wife playing with the little girl and the sitting room strewn with a profusion of toys. "I know it is past her bedtime, but we are having such good times," she always said apologetically when Mr. Delmar joined in the fun. "Actually some of the ladies in the hotel think Elizabeth is public property and I never have a chance to enjoy her till evening."

"What do you think Mrs. Keith said to me today?" asked Mr. Delmar after Elizabeth had been tucked into her little white bed one evening. "She said she would like to have Maggie back again and thought we could give her up at once because we would have Elizabeth such a short time. Did you ever hear of such a thing? I told her in a hurry that we couldn't think of letting her go. If she wants Maggie so bad, let her wait till we can do without her."

"I'm sorry you said that, dear," said Mrs. Delmar with a little flush. "I have been hunting about for an excuse to discharge Maggie so I could have Elizabeth all to myself. I would like nothing better than to take care of her all the time, for I am afraid the child loves Maggie more than she does us. It may be selfish and jealous to feel so, but I can not be happy when I see Elizabeth clinging to her and with her constantly. The little thing needs some one to love and care for her more than a hired nurse."

"Helen, you don't know how happy it makes me to hear you say that," said Mr. Delmar with a little choke in his voice. "The poor child has never really had a home in her short life for this is the fourth place

she has lived within five years. I am so glad you will give her your time and love so that she will always have this one bright spot to look back to when she goes home again. Fred and his wife will, no doubt, do their best as they have done since she has been with them, but an invalid can not properly care for a child. I never saw anyone blossom out as she has done."

"I will telephone Mrs. Keith right away," said Mrs. Delmar turning to hide the tears in her own eyes. "I wish I could be sure Maggie would go back to her."

And Maggie did go. Mr. Delmar privately bribed the young lady with a gold piece to leave her present position and his wife had the joy of dressing and combing and amusing the dear little guest herself. She went to Sunday School and church with Elizabeth because that little maiden coaxed her to and even Mr. Delmar was persuaded to drop his paper and accompany them though both husband and wife had long ago ceased to attend either service regularly. It was a new sensation to watch for a fluttering little girl in white and lead her into the pew and both of them enjoyed it. Sometimes they paid more attention to Elizabeth than the sermon as she sat devoutly listening to the fascinating music and watching the minister but they had heard many sermons and had never known the joy before of watching a young life unfold in the sunshine of love. Their friends laughingly said they were in a fair way to spoil themselves and the child, but they went happily on their way heeding nothing but the deeper happiness and love of their lives.

"I am really ashamed to be so happy but I had a letter from the doctor at the hospital and he says there is little hope for Fred's wife ever to be much better," said Mr. Delmar coming in, whistling like a school boy one crisp October evening. "Of course I am sorry for her but if she can not get well maybe they will let us keep Elizabeth always."

"Let us keep her?" cried his wife with fine scorn. "I don't think we will ask their permission. I have known for weeks and weeks that we simply can't exist without her so that settles it. And, dear, what do you think about taking a house so we can leave this place. I saw old Mr. Rawson kissing Elizabeth today much against her will and it provoked me more than I can tell you. We must have a home where she will not be fondled by strangers. She can not be as happy here as if we had her all to ourselves."

"I never wanted to live in the hotel so that will suit me exactly," said Mr. Delmar. "Can we get it all ready for Thanksgiving? I should like to celebrate the day in a fitting manner for we have much to be thankful for."

"Of course we can," cried his wife joyfully. "I am sorry I have been so selfish but I will try to do better in the future."

"The best Thanksgiving day of our lives," said Mr. Delmar as they set out for church with the bells ringing for the glad festival echoing and re-echoing all about them. "We are to unite with the church today, we have ourselves and dear little Elizabeth, we are settled in a home that I have longed for for years and everything is well. I can ask for nothing more."

"Nor can I," said Mrs. Delmar wiping two happy tears away. "We are blest with more than we deserve and it seems this little treasure is the crown of all." She squeezed the little hand that nestled in her own and thought of the reluctance with which she had consented to receive Elizabeth for even a few weeks. "I hope Mrs. G— is better and able to rejoice this glorious day."

"I think she is slightly better," said Mr. Delmar rather carelessly. "I hope so too." Cousin Fred's wife was always Mrs. G when they spoke of her before the little girl and she never knew how much depended upon the state of health of that lady. It was impossible for Mr. Delmar to wish that as fervently as his wife because of certain fears concealed in his heart.

"I never had a dinner like this before," said Elizabeth gravely after Mr. Delmar had asked his first blessing at his own table in his own home. "How did you think of all these nice things, Auntie?"

"It is the nicest dinner I ever had too, Elizabeth," said Mr. Delmar beaming over the plump brown turkey at the little girl. "I don't see either how Auntie ever thought of the turkey and the potatoes and the gravy and the fruit and all these nice things."

"And the pie in the oven," prompted the little girl with dancing eyes. "There were two pies yesterday

*Continued on page twenty-eight*

## NOVEMBER

The leaves are fading and falling,  
The winds are rough and wild,  
The birds have ceased their calling,  
But let me tell you, my child,  
Tho' day by day, as it closes,  
Doth it darker and colder grow;  
The roots of the bright red roses  
Will keep alive in the snow.

And when the winter is over,  
The boughs will get new leaves,  
The quail come back to the clover,  
The swallow come back to the eaves.  
The robin will wear on his bosom  
A vest that is bright and new,  
And the loveliest wayside blossoms  
Will shine with the sun and dew.

The leaves today are whiling,  
The brooks are dry and dumb,  
But let me tell you, my darling,  
The spring will be sure to come.  
So, when some dear joy loses  
Its beautiful summer glow,  
Think how the roots of the roses  
Are kept alive in the snow.

WRITTEN BY ALICE CAREY

# Amanda's Trip

By Mary Ella Lawrence

"Its all nonsense Amanda, talkin' o' takin' such a trip at yer time o' life, the old farms been good 'nough all these years, and what yer expect to find in New York that 'ill beat it, 's more'n I know," and folding his wrinkled hands, Joshua Jinkins cast a shy glance to where his wife sat comfortably rocking, with a look of plain aversion on his ruddy face.

"Yes, the farm's been good 'nough," she answered slowly, "but we've skimped and saved all these years, hopin' for something different, and," with a wistful expression, "why not enjoy the trip with me Joshua?"

He drew out his red bandana, a sure sign Amanda knew, that his mind was set. "No," he said decidedly, "yer say yer goin' to stay a month, I couldn't stan' it nohow, beside the spring works comin' on, I must attend to the farm."

So it was decided that Amanda must go alone to appease her strong desire to see what she called a little of the world, while her niece Ann Maria would care for the house, and keep their home comfortable for Joshua.

"Do you think the wardrobe I have prepared will be sufficient for my trip?" she asked Ann Maria, as she was busily packing the next morning. "There's my grey suit for traveling, the black silk for church, and my old cashmere turned to wear for a morning dress. My bonnet's new, and I shall take my knit hood, in case I get acquainted with the neighbors, I shouldn't want to wear my best clothes every time I called, not even on so short an acquaintance."

"But Aunt Amanda, I don't s'pose they have neighbors in New York."

"Don't have neighbors," and Aunt Amanda raised her spectacles in surprise. "Be the houses so fer apart in that great city?"

"Well, Joe Stone was there a year ago, an' he thought they lived too near together."

"Oh law," with a significant sniff, "probably they'd had some tiff when Joe was there, but I shall get 'long all right for yer Uncle Joshua can tell, that I never quarrel with my neighbors," and so saying, she laid her wardrobe carefully in the trunk, as if each article was honored to accompany her on so grand an event, as a trip to the great city.

Meanwhile Joshua was leaning against the barn door, solemnly munching a Baldwin apple. It seemed a terrible calamity to have Amanda packing her trunk, when they had not been separated a day in their married life. He had no faith in Ann Maria's ability to run the household, he would have said she was too much afraid of "siling her hands," and as the chickens gathered around the door, he threw his half-eaten core straight at the proud white rooster, causing great consternation among the fowls, who had never seen the old gentleman in such a state of desperation before.

He wandered idly around, stealing an occasional glance at the sun, as the hour drew near when Amanda would leave their home, then sliding in at the back door, he snatched an apple-turnover when—

"Don't eat those, Joshua," his wife called quickly, "they're for my luncheon on the train," which made Joshua mutter, "You better label everything New York," but Amanda, taking no notice, went on with her work, feeling sorry that he could not enjoy what she considered would be so great a pleasure.

"You better be harnessing," she said shortly, "I rather wait a spell than miss the train, and Ann Maria, don't yer want to ride to the station? You could wave your hand when I get fairly started."

But Ann Maria declined, Joe Stone was coming for some wood, and she would not miss being there to meet Joe, not for a dozen Aunt Amandas, so the old couple started alone, both rather sober over the first parting in their married life.

"You'll help Ann Maria with the churnin'," Aunt Amanda said as they drove down the hill, "and don't let the yaller cat get into the milk-pail Joshua, that cat does seem possessed the minute the milk comes into the house. And you might spade my garden when you have the time, so I can plant the asters and hollyhocks when I get home;" then after a painful silence, "Tell Ann Maria to dry a few of those russet apples, they last longer for the dumplings if there are a few pounds dried now."

Joshua sat grimly silent, making no answer to these last injunctions, only occasionally giving vent to a groan of assent as his wife talked hurriedly. To tell the truth the tears were very near the surface, but manlike he choked them back, saying as they reached the station, "I s'pose you'll write and tell us how you get 'long."

"Yes," faintly, as if the sight of the puffing engine had dampened her high courage.

"I've got two postage stamps with me, and I presume I can get more of 'em in New York," and the next moment Amanda was hurried into the car, where with one nod to her vanishing spouse, she went speeding on so fast, it seemed that the hills and valleys were flying back to the quiet country, as fast as she was going to meet the anticipations of what her trip had in store.

The time sped on, each hour the sky grew darker, until a drizzling rain steaming the windows, she settled back to get what rest she could in her cushioned seat.

## Thanksgiving.

Hushed as the silence that follows praise  
Is the mystic peace of the autumn haze,  
That soft and mellow and touched with old,  
Wraps hill and vale in its lustrous fold;  
Here and there by the sunshine kiss'd  
To violet, amber and amethyst,  
Or blown by the breath of the breeze away  
From the meadows shorn and the woodlands ray.

We've heard the last of the wild bird's call,  
We've watched the loose leaves flutter and fall;  
There are empty nests on the naked bough,  
There's a dream of snow on the mountain's brow;  
The summer's work is over and done,  
And the brown fields sleep in the waning sun;  
Fruit of the harvest is gathered in.  
And grain is heaped both in barn and bin.

And up from the homes that are richly blest,  
Dowered with abundance and crowned with rest,  
And up from the hearts that in highest mood,  
The lowest bow in their gratitude,  
Anthems arise to the Giver of all,  
Whose love beholds if a sparrow fall—  
Whose matchless grace on the earth hath smiled,  
Like the parent's look on a cradled child.

From near and far as the household bands,  
Cluster and clasp in the best of lands,  
That aye in the wash of the silver sea  
Hears the lofty music of liberty.  
That still where its mighty rivers flow  
Sees peace and learning and progress grow—  
From near and far to the God above  
Are lifted the strains of a nation's love.

And even from those who must sit apart  
In the glimmering twilight of the heart,  
Whose hopes have faded, whose dear ones lie  
With pale hands crossed 'neath the autumn sky,  
Because there is healing after strife,  
And a conquering faith in the better life—  
From the sad and the worn, as the last leaves  
fall, There ascends a psalm to the Lord of all.

*Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's.*

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue,  
but the parent of all other virtues.—*Cicero.*

But let the good old corn adorn  
The hills our fathers trod;  
Still let us, for his golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!  
*Whittier.*

Join voices, all ye living souls, ye birds,  
That singing up to heaven's gate ascend,  
Bear on your wings and in your notes  
His praise.  
*Millon.*

We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud  
And magnify Thy name, Almighty God!  
*Wordsworth.*

Thanks be to God! to whom earth owes  
Sunshine and breeze,  
The heath clad hill, the vale's repose,  
Streamlet and seas,  
The snowdrop and the summer rose,  
The many voiced trees.  
*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

For all the good that life supplies,  
For all thy sovereign will decrees,  
For mercies old, for mercies new,  
For skies o'ercast, and skies all blue.  
*Mary M. Adams.*

Cherry hearts and smiling faces,  
Gentle speech and ways,  
Make a cloudy, dull Thanksgiving  
Sunniest of days.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,  
Cast every trouble away;  
Think of your blessings, remember your joys  
Don't be afraid to be gay!  
None are too old and none are too young  
To frolic on Thanksgiving day.

An old man snored in a distant corner, while a baby opposite, woke to cry for hours in its tired mother's arms.

Aunt Amanda removed her bonnet, the constant jar of the train making her head ache. She thought of Joshua riding back to his lonely home, a vague fear entering her heart that something might happen to her loved ones while she was away, but putting aside such thoughts, she tried to compose her nerves, until at last the day came to an end, and she found herself rumbling into so large a station that it seemed to her it would cover the whole of their humble farm.

She followed the crowd to the noisy entrance, where the shouting and rumbling nearly dinned her ears, and securing a cab, asked to be driven to a "quiet boarding house." Arriving, and being conducted to a room, she was requested to ring for anything she might require. The men soon followed with her trunk, and looking around the small place, she wondered where they could set the dear old family relic, large enough to accommodate a family of ten, and which made one of the men exclaim—"Why didn't she bring her bedroom!" as he stepped out of the room.

She went to the windows, looking down such a height, that a magnifying glass was needed, she thought, to tell the images in the muddy street. Perhaps one was provided, but turning, nothing of the kind met her view, neither could she find a bell, although the man had said to ring, if there was anything she required.

She opened the door, and calling a maid who was passing, asked if she thought her mother could make her a cup of tea? The girl entered her room, touched a button in the wall, then speaking through a tube, gave the required order, while Aunt Amanda stood watching with anxious, but bated breath.

"Well, I never seen the likes o' that a'fore," she said gasping, "I suppose your ma's at t'other end of it."

The girl answered that she was a maid in the hotel, and passing outside, Aunt Amanda drank her tea, and ate the toast which was soon brought, then retired for a much needed rest.

The next morning she arose early, but being told that breakfast was served at eight, she ate the remaining apple turnovers, and started out for an early walk.

The streets were lined with people seeking their work, as the early whistles blew, and Aunt Amanda was hurried along with the crowd, until reaching a corner she paused to gain her fleeting breath.

A man crossing the street, and eyeing her closely, stopped to beg a few pennies for a cup of hot coffee, then as she closed her purse, another approached, until Aunt Amanda would have been surrounded, had not a policeman appeared, scattering the beggars in all directions.

"You had better keep your money madam," he said kindly, "they only want it for a morning dram," which made the old lady turn with horror, at the thought of aiding such a crime.

She passed on quickly, and turning into a wide street, entered a store so immense, that she paused in admiration at the beautiful things which the scene displayed.

"I must buy something for Joshua, and Ann Maria," she thought, as she stopped by a counter where some gaudy vases were exhibited, and taking one in her hand, she asked the price of the clerk who was closely following.

"Seven dollars," she replied, causing Aunt Amanda to jump in amazement, wondering what the thing was made of to cost so much money.

"We have cheaper ones," the girl continued, taking another from the shelf, "this is five-fifty, and the pink one four ninety-seven," but Aunt Amanda turned away, it would not do she felt, to ask for anything as small as fifty cents worth on that counter.

She next came to the parasols, and a red and black one being open, she thought how Ann Maria would enjoy to carry one like that to "meeting" when the summer came.

Another lady was also admiring the same one, and turning it carefully in her hands. "Twelve dollars," the clerk called, which made Aunt Amanda hurry past, feeling that the prices in New York were far beyond her means, and choosing a striped necktie, and a dainty handkerchief, which she knew would be as well appreciated, she found the door and wandered up the crowded street.

A clock in one of the windows showed it was nearly twelve, and feeling faint, she entered a restaurant, where seating herself at a small table, she ordered a cup of tea.

"Will madam have a light lunch also?" the waiter asked with a low bow.

"Yes," Aunt Amanda answered, "just a few fried potatoes, or anything you can warm quickly."

Whereupon a grand spread was laid before her; soup, the desired potatoes, veal, and other viands which were served in the best way.

Aunt Amanda was faint, and she ate heartily, although the cup of tea was not like her own "home make," but the china and silver were grand, and the table did look so nice, that she rose feeling as she drew a silver half-dollar from her purse, that it was well she had eaten her lunch, before returning to the hotel.

The waiter stepped quietly forward, laying a check

(Continued on page twenty-nine)

## Floral Culture

By Henry Wood

### Plants For Hanging Baskets

Among Basket Plants suitable for culture in ordinary windows nothing is better than the Othoussa, with its peculiar, fleshy foliage and its innumerable little yellow flowers which give it such a bright and cheerful look. Another good hanging plant is Oxalis Rosea, with pretty clover like foliage and clusters of bright pink flowers which are delightfully fragrant; it is almost always in bloom.

### Culture of Cyclamen.

Few rules need be observed to make a success of the culture of this magnificent plant. First keep the soil light and loose so that air can readily reach the roots, avoid sudden changes of heat or cold; it will endure either extreme quite well if not too sudden change from one to the other. The older the bulb becomes, the more blooms it produces. Be sure and plant the bulb, which is flat, so that the base only touches the soil; in this way it shows no disposition to rot as it may if buried entirely as other bulbs are.

### Late Planted Bulbs.

While it is better to plant tulips in October and November, it is possible to plant even as late as February and still secure a fine display of flowers. The same is true of hyacinths, and to some extent of narcissus; but crocuses should all be planted before December, to get satisfactory results. Those who defer purchasing and planting any of the hardy bulbs until after December 1st, can expect to have failures among some of the kinds and the longer the work is deferred the greater the number of failures. Readers are therefore urged to buy and plant the bulbs early.

exquisitely fringed in various forms. Choice seeds of Chinese Primrose are expensive and but few florists can successfully grow the plants from them when they have a supply, for this reason this superb winter blooming plant is not so well known as it should be and its merits are often under-rated. To the reader who wants a fine reliable winter blooming plant the Chinese Primrose is confidently recommended.

### Starting Gloxinias.

Care must be taken in starting gloxinias to have the crown up. The smooth rounded part of the bulb develops the roots, while the rough or uneven parts develop the tops. If the top or crown end is placed downward growth is uncertain, but even when properly planted the bulbs sometimes start tardily, due perhaps to inexplicable causes. The soil should be porous and kept moderately moist and warm, and then Nature should have time to start the growth. With good bulbs properly planted and treated, and sufficient time given for development, disappointment will rarely occur.



## Beds of Mixed Tulips

By Florence Beckwith

Beds of tulips of the same habit of growth and time of flowering are usually recommended, especially for amateurs, but much pleasure can be obtained from a bed of mixed varieties. Between the time of flowering of the earliest and the latest varieties there is a difference of several weeks, and a very great difference in habit, manner of growth and coloring. One who buys a few of several different classes, Van Thols, parrots, bizarres, byblooms, will have both early and late blooming sorts and thus the pleasure of the season will be prolonged.

If, instead of planting in one solid bed, the bulbs are mixed indiscriminately and planted in clumps or masses along a border of hardy perennials, the surprises and varied beauties of the combinations will afford still greater gratification. Then, too, when one has a set bed, the perfect symmetry is destroyed if even one blossom be picked, while, if planted in scattered clumps a flower can be picked here and there and never be missed.

A tulip which attracted much attention in a mixed bed last spring was Rose Grisdelin. Beds of early tulips had been planted in the same location for years. They had always attracted more or less attention, but not much audible comment. A dozen bulbs of Rose Grisdelin were procured the previous fall and happened to be planted all together in the center of a bed. When they bloomed, they elicited universal admiration and unlimited questions as to the name. Certainly they deserved it all for they were both delicate and showy. The blossoms are pink and white, the pink becoming deeper as the flowers grow older. They grew taller than the early red and yellow varieties and the blossoms lasted well. A whole bed of them or a large clump by itself would make a beautiful feature in the garden or in the border of hardy perennials.

Another beautiful tulip is the Gesneriana, if one can obtain the real true sort. The blossoms are very large and the deep blue band at the base of the petals forms a beautiful contrast to the rich, dark red of the flowers. Unfortunately the real Gesneriana is scarce and a variety which has the blue band at the base of the petals but of which the color is a magenta or pinkish red is frequently substituted for the true one, causing much disappointment and vexation of spirit to one who has looked eagerly forward to their blooming. The Gesneriana grows taller and blooms later than most other sorts and so is most satisfactory if planted by itself, or, at least, not in a bed with early blooming varieties.

The bizarre tulips are not as generally cultivated as the gayer sorts, but, in spite of their dull coloring, they have a beauty of their own to those who give them more than a passing glance, and they certainly serve well as a foil to set off the brighter colored varieties. The infinite variation of feathering and marking of light hues on a dark ground makes an attractive study, and the more carefully one observes them, the more attracted one becomes.

In the end, a warm liking takes the place of indifference. The bizarres are particularly to be admired when two or three of them are placed in a clear glass vase with a few of their own leaves.

If a bed of tulips is bordered with bulbs of crocuses, snowdrops, scillas, chionodoxas, or tritellias, most of which come earlier into bloom, the season of blossoming will be prolonged and the pleasure of the spring-time thus extended over a greater length of time.

## The Utility of Ornamental Vines

By Sarah A. Pleas

(A prize-winning article in our late contest)

Comparatively few home makers avail themselves of the comfort and beauty to be derived from the free use of ornamental vines. The argument is sometimes used that where they are trained on a building they injure the paint, and cause the house to be damp and unhealthy. From long experience and close observation I find the reverse to be true.

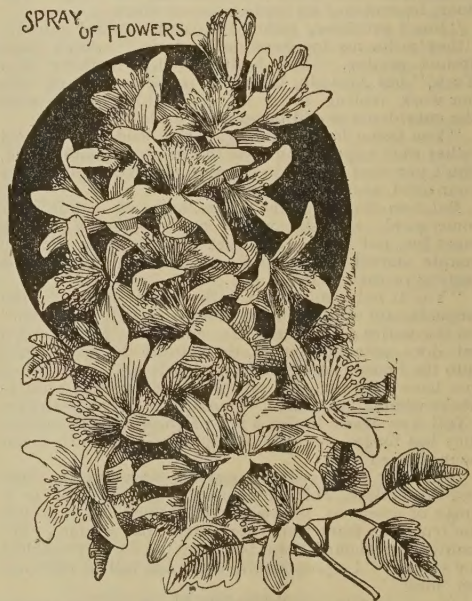
Those which cling to the wall absorb all the moisture available, stretching their leaves out to the height where they swing loosely, permitting the free circulation to air beneath them, alike protecting the walls from sun and rain, whilst keeping them both cool and dry. Where they have grown for years, if they were detrimental to the paint it would show bad results, instead of this, investigation will show the paint to be in much better condition where protected by vines.

For use on a residence those of small growth seem most suitable, yet we have seen a grapevine so perfectly trained and pruned as to really be a thing of beauty and especially attractive when laden with its ripe fruit.

Conceding the right of each home keeper to choose between bare walls and porches with hot sun, and the cool comfort and artistic beauty secured by a suitable selection of vines, with the additional attractions held out to our song birds for nesting places, I shall discourse on the individual merits of those I have found most desirable.

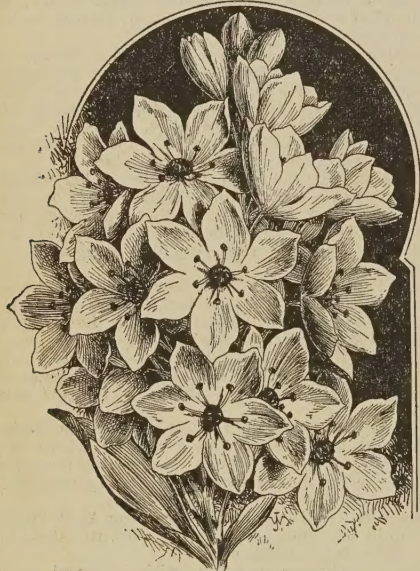
I put the Virginia creeper at the head of the list, as being everywhere hardy, and when once planted will ever after take care of itself. It is simply without a rival. Its size may be regulated by deadening any undesirable branches when dormant. If not thus restricted it will cover the entire building with a shimmering mass of dark green foliage, reaching out its numerous small branches which are swayed with every breeze, the longer ones falling in graceful drapery from window caps and cornices in the most decorative manner. No tree or shrub takes on more varied and beautiful autumnal tints, in addition to which are innumerable large loose clusters of navy blue berries on bright crimson stems, these clusters of eight to ten inches grow in close proximity throughout the entire length, even on the swaying branches and are of themselves very ornamental and are irresistible to our native birds which come in great flocks daily to partake of this dainty feast hung out for them until all are consumed long after the leaves have fallen.

Most Honeysuckles are desirable, but where dense shade is required Hall's Evergreen is best. It twines and is quite hardy, has very sweet flowers and continues long in bloom. Hop vines too make pretty, dense shade quickly. If hops are cut when green, they make elegant decorations for frames and chandeliers during winter.



A Spray of Clematis Blooms

The Akebia Quinati is a favorite for planting between bay windows, twining around pillars and draping and festooning balconies. A few sprays should be encouraged to drape artistically over the glass, when it will appear from the room within that each window is a beautifully framed picture. It is a woody vine of very slender growth, having numerous long branches no larger than knitting needles which intertwine forming innumerable festoons around and over windows and balustrade. The beautiful dark green, leathery, long stemmed palmate foliage, grows in clusters with



Star of Bethlehem.

The Arabian Star of Bethlehem is one of the very best bulbs for winter blooming. It is a lovely sight when in bloom, and its chief charm is in the fact that its blossoms remain so long in a perfect condition. I have known them to stay for weeks without fading when kept in a cool room and not allowed to become dry. The bulbs must be treated in every way like the hyacinth. Put in a five or six inch pot, after watering well set away in a cool dark place to form roots, when well rooted bring to the light, and in a short time the buds will appear. The flowers grow in large bunches on a tall stalk, sometimes eighteen inches high, and are pearly white, about an inch in diameter, and have a jet black spot in the center. They have a decided aromatic odor, each individual blossom has six petals, and six stamens rising from the black center; it is a lovely flower and one that attracts much attention. Out of doors it is hardy, and will remain year after year.

### The Best Winter-blooming Plant.

The Chinese Primrose is the best plant for winter-blooming in the amateur's window. You do not need a special temperature to succeed with it; any window will suit where there is sufficient light, and a cool temperature is better than a warm one. It has no insect enemies; good seedling plants in four inch pots or better still, painted tin vessels. Given a well lighted window in the living room, carefully watered so the roots will have a regular supply of moisture as needed, and the surface soil stirred occasionally is all that is necessary to produce a free display of the elegant flower clusters throughout the entire winter and spring months. The colors range from white to deep crimson, as well as striped and spotted, and the foliage is

pendent plum colored fragrant flowers at each joint along the old wood, clothing them down to the very earth; retaining their bright green color until they fall, and never attacked by any insect. Being an evergreen in the South they cling to the vine well into winter, and in a sheltered position a few leaves remain on until spring.

Clematis is alike the pride of every one who has a fine specimen, and the envy of those having none. Where shade or a dense screen is desired the small flowering white kinds are chosen, but for a gorgeous display of color Jackman's blue and Lanuzuinosa Candida with its immense white flowers with numerous black stamens may be supplemented with a bright red and the effect will be dazzling. For several successive weeks they unfurl their bright colors, to the breeze, and on our National Holiday they drape our windows and piazzas right loyally with their red, white and blue in natural harmony with the song birds and their surroundings, more beautifully suggestive of the peace and comfort within than are the silken stars and stripes which float above the portal.

It were well if those who like flowers and shade would make a note of the most desirable vines they see during their season of blooming, and thus be ready to determine what kinds and where to plant, either in October or in the early spring.

## The Pumpkin

Oh! greenly and fair in the lands of the sun,  
The vines of the gourd and the rich melon run,  
And the rock and the tree and the cottage enfold,  
With broad leaves all greenness and blossoms all gold,  
Like that which o'er Ninevah's prophet once grew,  
While he waited to know that his warning was true,  
And longed for the storm-cloud, and listened in vain  
For the rush of the whirlwind and red fire-rain.

On the banks of the Xenil the dark Spanish maiden  
Comes up with the fruit of the tangled vine laden;  
And the Creole of Cuba laughs out to behold  
Through orange-leaves shining the broad spheres of gold;

Yet with dearer delight from his home in the North,  
On the fields of his harvest the Yankee looks forth,  
Where crook-necks are coiling and yellow fruit shines,  
And the sun of September melts down on his vines.

Ah! on Thanksgiving day, when from East and from  
West,  
From North and from South come the pilgrim and  
guest,  
When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his  
board  
The old broken links of affection restored,  
When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once  
more,  
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled be-  
fore,

What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye?  
What calls back the past, like the rich Pumpkin pie?

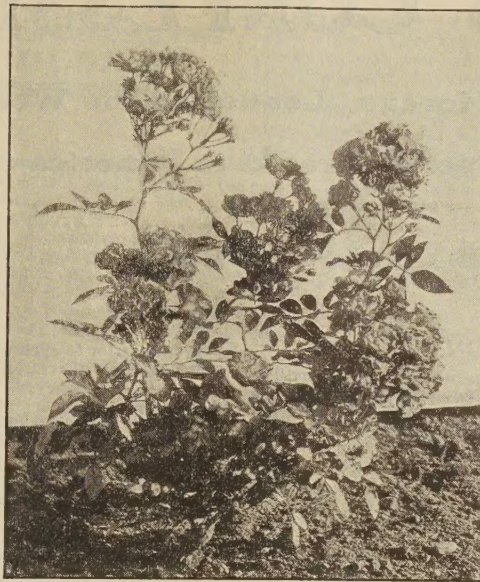
Oh!—fruit loved of boyhood!—the old days recalling,  
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were  
falling!

When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,  
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!  
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all  
in tune,

Our chair a broad pumpkin—our lantern the moon,  
Telling tales of the fairy who traveled like steam,  
In a pumpkin-shell coach, with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present!—none sweeter or better  
E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter!  
Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine,  
Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking than thine!  
And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express,  
Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less;  
That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below,  
And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow,  
And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky  
Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin Pie!

Whittier.



## The Baby Rambler

By H. C. Phillips

No other introduction to the floral world ever made so great a success as the Crimson Rambler Rose. It has been planted by the million in all parts of the country, and up to this time has never been equalled as a hardy, brilliant and strikingly handsome climber.

Its weak points, however, are the shortness of its blooming season, and its adaptability as a climber only. With this elegant rose as a type from which to work for perfection it was natural that every effort to improve it should be the desire and earnest endeavor of the horticulturists throughout the world. That which usually takes generations to accomplish has been brought about in a comparatively short time by the introduction of the Baby Rambler.

This beautiful acquisition originated at Orleans, France, and is a crossing of the Crimson Rambler and Glorie des Polyanthus. Fortunately it preserves the flowering qualities of the latter, and retains the color and large panicles of the Crimson Rambler.

Before the Baby Rambler could be accepted universally, and pronounced as being perfectly hardy for the varied climates of this country, it was first necessary to fully establish its adaptability to low temperatures. The plants stood in the nursery rows in the vicinity of Rochester during the winters of 1903 and 1904 without protection, and showed not the slightest injury. Reports are coming from the West that the Baby Rambler is fully as hardy as its parent the Crimson Rambler, thus giving it first place among recent introductions.

I consider it in reality the only perpetual blooming rose existing. It blooms in clusters, beginning at the top of the plant, and throwing out from adjacent branches umbels which fully equal in size the first cluster, and so it continues until frost. At this writing, October 2, 1905, I have just inspected three rows standing in the nursery, representing three vivid crimson streaks of bloom, and last June they appeared just as they do now. Their magnificent display has continued uninterrupted during the entire summer. A bed of Baby Rambler roses will, without any room for argument, fill the desire of the American property owners for something on their lawns that is brilliant and lasting.

## Autumn Wildlings

By Nat S. Green

The plants and flowers of autumn are characterized by a richness and brilliancy of coloring and a diversity of form such as we find at no other season. Woodlands, fields and roadsides are ablaze with color, while over all hangs the purple haze of Indian summer, like a filmy veil dropped over hill and valley, enhancing their beauty and giving a touch of enchantment to the landscape.

When a few frosts have laid low the tender plants, the autumn "berries" take on their brilliant coloring, giving an added charm to our woodland rambles. Clumps of sumach bushes with their blood red leaves and darker fruit are conspicuous on the hillsides, while nearby the sassafras flaunts its purple fruit among the variegated leaves.

Down by the river the wild grapevines form a perfect net work among the sycamores and willows, the dark blue clusters of grapes making a pleasing show among the leafless branches.

In the woodland ravines the true and false Solomon's seal may be found growing in clumps, the latter bearing a bunch of mottled berries at the termination of its stem, while the true Solomon's seal bears its seed pods at the leaf joints. Scattered here and there among the leaves stand the Indian turnips, their scarlet fruits borne aloft on a stem devoid of leaves.

The common Virginia creeper is an attractive vine, in autumn bearing scattered panicles of blue berries. The side of a dwelling covered with this vine is very attractive. In woodlands many trees are covered so thickly with it that not a limb or twig is visible. The five leaved variety should be chosen to grow upon buildings as the three leaved is poisonous to most persons.

Along the roadsides burning bush grows, its seed pods dividing when ripe, revealing the scarlet fruit within. It is a favorite for decorative purposes in connection with evergreens.

(Concluded on page thirty)



## Late Potting of the Hyacinth

By Laura Jones

Of course it is best to plant the Hyacinth and other spring flowering bulbs early in the fall, but if one has neglected this and has not a sufficiency potted for the window garden they can be successfully potted in December and will then make quite a display in the window for late winter and early spring. I have often potted bulbs of the hyacinth in December and have had them to flower in the window by the last of February. One hyacinth will be in the window but a month at a time and are so pretty and fragrant that we should keep up a succession during the winter months, and to do this the bulbs should be potted at intervals until Christmas.

I have potted the hyacinth as late as January fifteenth and have received a fair show of flowers from them, but a bulb that has been kept out of soil for any length of time soon loses its vitality and extra fine flowers can not be expected from them. Bulbs that have been brought to light before the roots have had time to form, rarely ever flower, or else the stalks open down in bulb. It is almost impossible to have too many hyacinths in the window garden as the beautiful spikes of bloom do so much to brighten up the dreary winter days.

## White Chrysanthemums

Born of the clouds and darkness,  
Of the frost and early snow,  
When the summer blooms have faded,  
The beautiful Christ flowers blow.  
Not all of the south-wind's wooing  
Opens their secret heart,  
Slender they bow, and stately,  
Guarding their life apart.  
But when the earth is dreary,  
And the heavy clouds hang low,  
With their tender cheer for the dying year,  
The Christ flowers richly blow.

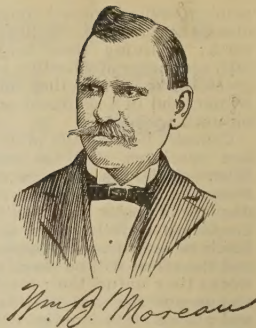
Sweet as a dream of summer,  
White as the drifting snow  
When our hearts are filled with grieving  
The beautiful Christ flowers blow.  
All through the budding springtime,  
All through the summer's heat,  
All through the autumn's glory,  
They hide their blossoms sweet.  
But when the earth is lonely  
And the bitter North winds blow,  
With a smile of cheer for the dear old year,  
The Christ flowers overflow.

Sweetest of all consolers,  
Fairest of flowers that grow,  
When hopes and flowers have faded,  
The beautiful Christ flowers blow.  
Bright in the cottage window,  
Sweet in the darkened room,  
Fair in the shortened sunlight,  
Cheering the dusky gloom.  
Oh, when our hearts are lonely,  
And clouds of care hang low,  
With blessed cheer for the dying year,  
The beautiful Christ flowers blow. Selected.

# A FAKIR'S CONFESSION

The Life Story of William B. Moreau, Leader of the Worst Gang of Swindlers that Ever Operated in America

TOLD BY HIMSELF



## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

In presenting this story to the public we perform the two-fold duty of exposing the schemes and methods employed by unscrupulous scoundrels in robbing the people, and also, carrying out the dying wish of William B. Moreau—to make reparation, so far as he could, for the wrongs inflicted on his almost countless victims.

"Billy" Moreau, with a long string of aliases, was, without doubt, "The Prince of Fakirs." Among his class he was recognized by the title, for he had earned the appellation by his exploits of swindling in almost every State in the Union, as well as in the Dominion of Canada. He was surrounded by lieutenants whose characters were modeled after the pattern of their chief. A few of them were better educated than Moreau, and to them was assigned the duties of formulating schemes, drawing swindling papers, plans of operation, and the enlistment of officials and unscrupulous lawyers to aid them in preparing the technical phraseology of papers and to shield them from the operation of the law. But it was Moreau's boldness in operation that sent terror and dismay into the hearts of the victims and enabled the rogues to pocket the hard earnings of honest people.

Moreau was of French-Canadian extraction, and before "taking the road" resided with his young wife also of an avaricious turn of mind, at Batavia, N. Y. He says he answered an advertisement of a Chicago firm and shortly afterward was a full-fledged traveling agent. He soon exhibited a desire for crooked work, and, aided by his wife, then prepared his first swindling paper. He laid his plans before a boon companion named Ganly, the latter became a partner, and operations were begun at once. In a short time others were taken into their confidence, and thus was formed the worst gang of swindlers that ever infested this country.

The combination was a very close one, as was shown by the fact that, notwithstanding the swindlers occasionally got into trouble, the others aided them as far as possible and never turned against each other.

During their remarkable career they prepared and used not less than one hundred kinds of swindling papers, by which orders were multiplied many times, the storage of machinery was turned into actual purchase, an agency was manipulated into a large order with a bank note attached, and which appeared separate after parts of the paper were cut away. The "Bohemian Oats" swindle was also of their adoption, and many farmers will recall it with no fond recollection of "The Agents." Worthless churns, pruning-shears, corn-shellers, and an almost endless variety of other alleged patented articles on paper, lightning-rods, fertilizers, fruit and ornamental trees, books, maps, pictures, shoddy cloth and many other articles of a spurious character were their stock in trade and used in the gigantic swindles.

The expose, which is complete in this confession, includes fac-similes of the many crooked papers, with full explanations. Names, dates, locations, and circumstances connected with the frauds are also given; thus making the story the most interesting and valuable that was ever placed in the hands of farmers, as well as people generally.

That other swindlers have been equally unscrupulous and many of them are plying their vocations now is only too true, but the Moreau combination is without a parallel in the history of the country. They came into existence as a seventeen-year locust scourge, and like the dreaded insects left sadness and desolation in their wake. They acquired wealth rapidly, but like ill-gotten gain generally, it vanished. Most of the gang have become public charges, and the remains of one, the principal, lie in a pauper's grave in Elmira, N. Y.

There were seven men in the gang, but the wives of Moreau and Ganly took no small part in working every scheme. They were the dummy secretaries of the several bogus companies, and answered all correspondence from "headquarters," which was frequently changed, they, of course, vouching for the "great companies" and their "agents." This served to throw off suspicion and enabled the men to operate and get away before a rousing alarm.

The men studied and practiced their parts thoroughly, and by a little preliminary conversation were enabled to "size up" their intended victims. Finally, to accomplish their purpose they resorted to the most effective expedients that could be employed to secure a farmer's signature. Persuasion, the most exaggerated false statements, and forgeries were used to secure a contract or order, but, when a signature was obtained they promptly made threats of prosecution to obtain a negotiable note or cash. The notes were discounted at banks by a supposed innocent third party (although they were not always innocent of the deals). Aged men were favorite subjects, as failing eyesight and other physical disabilities contributed to the success of the human ghouls in obtaining signatures.

While Moreau's school-days were apparently few, his wife was well educated, which enabled her to be an important factor in carrying on his operations. She later on caused him much trouble, however, which resulted in their separation.

His first venture was in Livingston county, where he assumed the name of Wells and made a big strike by selling maps from samples and delivering a cheap, spurious article. He claimed a copyright on the maps, took would-be agents around with him on a house-to-house canvass, in which he was, of course, successful, owing to the fine qualities of the samples and the very low price. He showed his new-made companions how they could reap a rich harvest in the business, and finally succeeded in selling the "right" of Livingston county to no less than four persons—one in Mt. Morris, one in Geneseo, one at Avon and one at Dansville, receiving for the swindles negotiable notes for \$600, which when cashed at a bank netted \$450.

With the foregoing explanations we present the following life-story of "Billy" Moreau and his gang, as told by himself. Editor.

## THE FAKIR'S CONFESSION.

"I launched my business career with a perfect understanding that it was to be conducted on a swindling basis—that I should sell one class of goods and deliver an inferior quality. My stock in trade consisted of a few good samples of maps, worth several times more than those that I delivered. At first I showed timidity, but realizing that I had no further use for sentiment, and that I must substitute pure, unadulterated gall, I immediately cast off everything that might in any way

prove a barrier to success. Having made this resolve I set to work concocting schemes that ultimately I hoped and expected would make me rich enough to retire on a competency.

"Owing to inexperience, maps went slow at first, but things soon changed and the coin of the realm rolled in, to my great delight and satisfaction. Mt. Morris, Geneseo, Dansville and Avon worked well, but the second day at the latter place I took a hint to leave. It was necessary, for a constable had put in appearance and was anxious to find the young scamp who swindled the people of Mt. Morris. Not desiring to interview him I skipped out, and next turned up in Syracuse, where I was known as Stickney. I laid low for a week, and then started out with a pretty lively book. I showed the work very carefully and made money quite rapidly, but, as I had acquired a weakness for games of chance, I very easily got rid of my surplus cash. In the meantime the papers stated that the market was being flooded with very objectionable reading matter, and I left town, going back to Batavia, and thus ended my first circuit. It was while relating my experience to a young man, whose name I had previously assumed, that we formed a partnership on the wholesale skin plan, and immediately set to work to put it into operation. He had answered hundreds of advertisements and had full directions for working various schemes, including some sharp practice papers.

"We organized (on paper) the 'Prairie Farm Nurseries, near Buffalo N. Y.' Of course, no such nurseries existed. All mail was addressed to the above named, Buffalo, N. Y. Helen Belle, wife of my partner, was the secretary, and she was known on the firm's stationery as H. B. Darrow. She was right in line in the business and answered correspondence with marked ability. We operated through Steuben, Chemung, Tioga, Broome, Cortland, Cayuga, Onondaga, Madison, Oswego, Monroe, Ontario, Niagara, Erie and Livingston counties, New York, and Tioga, Branford, Susquehanna and Sullivan counties, Pennsylvania. We took orders for everything in the nursery line very cheap, the low prices selling the goods. We worked each locality for all it was worth, after which one of us would scour the legitimate nurseries, generally Geneva, or Rochester, for cuttings or plants thrown away, or plowed-up berry-patches for the worn-out plants. Our evergreens, elms and other shade trees we found in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and anything in the way of a plant was palmed off as something very choice and bearing a jaw-breaker name taken from a botanical book. The scheme was a grand one, and we made lots of money. The business had the advantage of giving us a chance to get away before our dupes found out whether the worthless stuff was as ordered, or alive or dead. We guaranteed everything as represented, and our letter-heads, note-heads, bill-heads, circulars, order blanks, etc., denoted a great concern.

"It was at this time that I conceived the idea of working snap-contracts and the double-paper racket, and it was in pursuance of this thought that the scheme was extensively worked afterward. To my wife, who was more crooked than any of us, is largely due the brain-power of forming our sharp-practice papers, although in all cases they were revised and approved by a well-known Rochester N. Y. lawyer.

"Our nursery venture was full of interesting incidents, but a little use of bluff generally filled the bill, although some bills we were obliged to compromise, owing to a kick on the quality of stock, and some persons refused to take the consignments. In such a dilemma we generally resorted to the agency plan. The kicker was made agent, a rosy side of the picture from his standpoint being shown him. This was invariably followed by a sample order, nearly everything on the catalogue being worked off on him. He was imbued with the idea that he was going to get something for nothing, was going to work his neighbors and make a good thing out of them, and, dazed by avarice and vanity, as he had been forcibly reminded that he had been selected because he was the smartest man in his town, he signed a contract to become agent, and in well-worded phrases that he did not understand, agreed to pay for the order. When the goods came C. O. D. he had to take them. He knew he was swindled, but remembering his importance in his own estimation, and not wishing to give himself away, he kept still. In the meantime he took care of the worthless plants and shrubs till time developed what they were. We had very pleasant sailing through Chemung, Tioga and Broome counties, but met with a snarl at Homer. We did not push the agency deal there, for a man was gunning for us. Finally it leaked out that there were several such victims in the town and that the sharpers had fled to other fields. Fearing arrest we went to Tompkins county, N. Y., making our temporary headquarters at the Tompkins House, Ithaca, from which point we operated very successfully."

### FOUR PAPERS IN ONE.

Following is a sample of the swindling papers used to rob the people. It will be readily seen that it is an ambiguously-worded and carefully-prepared paper, intended to convey the idea to the signer that it is simply an agreement to sell goods as agent, paying only for what is actually sold. Later, his lawyer tells him it is an order, a contract, an assignment and a promissory note for \$250. After the swindler got the victim's signature, and out of sight, he cut the paper as indicated by the dotted lines. (There was no dotted line used in the original. We put it in by way of illustration.) He then had the note discounted at the bank and, of course, the innocent would-be agent had to pay it. This is but one of over a hundred of the sharp-practice papers used by the swindlers:

### The Universal Rivals All Others for Ease of Motion.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 1st, 1883.

Six months from date I agree to pay to Universal Sewing Machine Co., or bearer the sum of Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars value received

JAMES SMILEY.  
P. O. Address, Syracuse, N. Y.

{ Having this day received on trial for acceptance or return one Patent Universal Sewing Machine return said sewing machine or to purchase same and hereof, \$25. In establishing this agency the Co. agree to in case of sale of 10 machines and agree to accept same as for that number of machines.

{ For the } JAMES VANDEBOGART,  
{ Company } Gen'l Agent

(To be continued in the December Vick's.)





FOR THE CHILDREN

Grace for Thanksgiving.

For all Thy care and loving kindness,  
 Lord,  
 Accept our thanks who gather 'round this  
 board.  
 We see Thy goodness in each perfect  
 thing:  
 The sky, the sea, the bird on happy  
 wing,  
 And every blade that makes the velvet  
 sward.  
 With hearts and lips in wonderful accord  
 Do we recount the blessings on us poured,  
 And lift our voices hymns of praise to  
 sing,  
 For all Thy care.  
 Help us to help the needy and ignored;  
 Teach us mere riches no true peace afford,  
 And grant to each that he may often  
 bring  
 Some consciousness to Thee of laboring  
 To prove, O Guardian! a worthy ward,  
 For all Thy care.  
 Edward W. Barnard, in the Criterion.

Richard Leghorn.

BY CHARLES A. HARTLEY.

Richard Leghorn was an orphan, and when I made his acquaintance he was a little mite of a fellow under the care of a fussy foster mother. He had a brother James and a half-brother Peter, and a half-sister who had been christened Susan. This made five in the family and it was all Mrs. Leghorn could do to find enough to eat for the youngsters. Her efforts in that direction were commendable in the highest degree, seeing that she was not bound to the orphans by the ties of blood, and that she was not legally responsible for their support. Whatever she did for the homeless brood was actuated by compassion and maternal instinct.

It might be stated in passing that the father of these orphans had been imprisoned for attempting to assassinate three colored residents of the same neighborhood about the time of the adoption of the orphans. John Leghorn was a high strung, domineering creature of well defined likes and dislikes. One day in a fit of passion he made the assault which sent him to prison.

After the first flurry of excitement and grief had passed the disgraced family did not appear to take the matter to heart to a very great extent. Richard was the most promising youngster of the four, but it must be confessed that at times it seemed that he had but little higher ambition than to eat and sleep. When occasionally he did arouse himself to the fact that every creature in the world, be it ever so humble, has its mission to fulfill, he spluttered and blustered around for a while and then lapsed into his old habits of indolence. The only ground on which I could excuse him was that he was growing rapidly and as a consequence was naturally sluggish, besides his home training and inherited inclinations had not been the best.

During the summer which the family was under my observations I spent a large portion of my time swinging in a hammock in a grape arbor, while I labored on toward fame and wealth with pencil and tablet. The orphans came about every day, but were quite shy for awhile. The foster mother seemed distrustful of me and appeared to warn her charges to be on their guard as to advances by strangers in general and myself in particular.

Within a week, however, by a judicious distribution of sweet meats I had gained the confidence of the younger members of the family and particularly of Richard. He seemed to think that there was no such attractive playground as around my hammock. For hours at a time he sat about on the grass and gazed at myself and my work without moving a muscle. Sometimes his eyes would fall shut in spite of his efforts to remain wide awake and he would nod drowsily,

but the least movement on my part would arouse him and he would resume his usual clatter which was of no particular interest to any one.

Richard was of a jealous disposition. When his brothers and sister came about to share my little favors it made him peevish and fretful. While he did not openly resent their presence his actions always made it plain to me that he did not enjoy himself when they were about. When a playful mood did overtake him he plucked at his companions and pretended to make merry with them, but his natural roughness of manner made the others shy of him.

No doubt by this time it has dawned on the reader that Richard was not human in many things. This conclusion is correct. He was a young, thoughtless, rattle-brained rooster, whose paternal protector as stated in the beginning of this sketch, was shut up in the coop for attempting to brain three pet crows.

The happiest day of Richard's life was when he uttered his first unpolished crow. It surprised him and all his relatives when that discordant sound smote the air. After trying his vocal organs a few times to make sure of his abilities, he came to my hammock and rehearsed his acquisitions for my benefit. At first he stood off a few yards and threw back his head until he had to dig his toe-nails into the ground to keep from falling on his back, and ejaculated his new-found salutation with great pride and vehemence. Then he came closer and repeated time and again his harsh and jerky notes, finally flying to a grapevine not over a yard from my face, where he continued his gymnastic and vocal feats. In the mean time he chuckled in an apparently boastful manner and in a language which his brother James, and his half-brother and sister, Peter and Susan, the latter two being Plymouth Rock half-breeds, seemed to fully understand.

In one respect Richard did not manifest selfishness. The very next morning I saw him trying to get his less progressive companions to crow, and insisted on Susan trying it herself.

Before the summer had ended Richard was decked out in all the gay plumage of the male of his species and had become an expert at the crowing business. The last I saw of him was the morning I left. He stood on the gate post in front of the house and crowed lustily as I passed from sight down the shaded country road. He seemed to say: "Come-back-a-g-a-i-n, do," dropping to a low key on the last word.

How Patty Gave Thanks.

Ah! how snug it was in the barn that cold November night! Farmer Gray shut all the doors as if it were winter weather, and then went away glad to think that the animals were warm and comfortable for the night. No sooner had the sound of his footsteps died away than a cow raised her head and gave a faint bellow.

"News!" said she, "News! Something beautiful happened to me today. It was just before I turned out into the field this morning. Little Patty came running up to me and began to stroke my forehead. 'You good old cow!' said she; 'I had some milk to drink at breakfast and I know who gave it to me, and so I have come to say thank you. Mother told me this morning that this was 'Thank-you' day;' and then the dear child put a delicious apple into my mouth and laughed to hear me crunch it! I am so glad that my milk is good and rich. And she thanked me for butter and cream and for her papa's cheese, too, the grateful child!"

"You say well, Neighbor Cow; a grateful child she is," said the farm horse. "I was in the stall just before they harnessed me to take the family to church, and little Patty came to see me, too; and she thanked me for all the rides she had had on my back and in the hay-cart, and for dragging the plough and for bringing the flour from the mill. Then,

bless her heart! she reached up and gave me a big mouthful of sweet-smelling hay. I tell you, I'll trot my prettiest the next time I have her in the carriage!" Bob gave a pleased whinny as he said this, and, as if in response, a noise came from the sheep barn. The sheep barn joined the larger barn, and at the doorway between stood a mild-faced sheep, who began to speak in her own way.

"So little Patty went to you, too, did she? I can tell you I was surprised when she brought me and the rest of the flock an extra dish of salt this morning. 'This is to say, thank you, good Sheep,' said she. 'We talked about you in the kindergarten and I know that our worsted balls are made of your wool, and my new mittens, and my flannel petticoat, and my winter coat and dress, and Jackie's clothes, and the blankets—and oh so many things! How funny you would look with them all on your back.' Then she felt of my wool and patted me with her gentle little hand. I do hope that my fleece will be a good heavy one this year, and how I wish the wool might be used for little Patty!"

"Well, well!" said the Cow, "the child did make it a real 'Thank-you day,' I am sure; for besides thanking me, and you, Bob, and you, Mrs. Fleecy, I heard the Hens saying today that she had been showering corn down for them by the double handful and saying 'thank you' for the eggs which they had given her. She told them that she liked the eggs for breakfast, and that her mamma made cake with them, too. I wonder what put it into her head to come and thank us all."

"It was her good little heart that put it into her head," said Bob, wisely; "and I think I know the reason she came today, for as I was trotting along the road to and from church, I heard the family talking a good deal about to-day being Thanksgiving Day. And when Patty's grandpapa asked her if she knew why Thanksgiving Day was kept, she said: 'Oh, yes! It is the day to say "thank you" for everything, and that is why I hurried out to the barn this morning.'

"And to whom did you say 'thank you' out there?" asked her grandpapa.

"Why, to all of them," answered Patty; "to Bob and Molly cow, and the sheep and the hens."

"Very good," said Grandpapa, "very good indeed, little Thankful-heart. I am glad you thought of the kind, useful creatures from whom we get so many things for our pleasure and comfort."

As Bob repeated what Patty's grandpapa had said, sober Mrs. Fleecy gave a little caper of delight, and Molly Cow heaved a sigh of deep satisfaction. Kind, grateful words are pleasant to any ears. It was now bedtime and the animals began to settle themselves for their night's rest. Mrs. Fleecy went back to her woolly companions in the sheep barn; Molly cow sank down restfully in her stall; and Bob, after stamping and tramping a few times bent his long legs under him and lay down upon his fresh straw bedding. But before they went to sleep they spoke again of how happy dear little Patty had made them with her thanks and her gifts.

Emilie Poulsson From In the Child's World.



Thanksgiving Days.

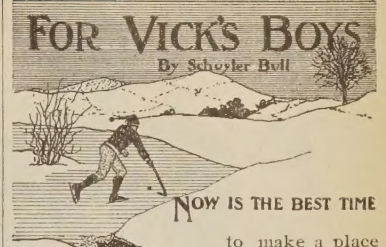
The first Thanksgiving Day in all history was the Hebrew Feast of the Tabernacles.

England's first national Thanksgiving was Sept. 8, 1588, for the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

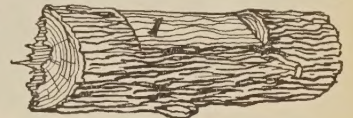
Only the United States keeps a regular annual national Thanksgiving.

In 1633, the Massachusetts Bay Colony set apart a day for Thanksgiving. From this, dates our November anniversary.

The first national Thanksgiving proclamations were issued by Congress, during the Revolutionary war.

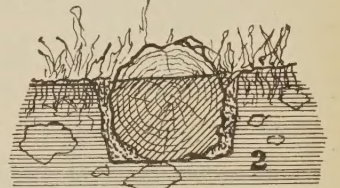


to make a place to skate if there is no good ready made one. Should the job be too large for one boy, he can generally get his chums to help him out, certainly there will be no lack of people to help use it when it is made. It is not necessary to have a big pond or a river to skate on, a spring or a creek which you can step over will give a lot more of good skating in a winter if you go at it right. Of course the necessary part is a dam to hold back the water for a pond. And it must be made so that a heavy rain or spring freshet will not wash it away or make a big hole in it. To prevent this the waste water must run away through a place that will not wash out while it is big enough to carry all the water, so that none will run over the



bank anywhere else. As long as the water runs through this place and the muskrats don't make holes in the dam you will have no trouble with a bank of dirt. Now this bank of dirt means work, so the lower you can make it the better, and at the same time have it high enough to prevent the water from running over it. Shoveling a few inches of dirt off the highest hummocks will save a lot of work in making the dam. The spillway, (as the place for the extra water to run away is called) is the most important point and it should be made first.

If your water supply is a spring get a log about a foot thick and ten feet long and cut a notch as shown in drawing No. 1. about six feet long and four inches



deep. Decide where your dam is to go and find the place on the line where the ground is at the same level as you wish to have the water in the pond. Dig a trench at this spot for the log so that the bottom of the notch is even with the top of the ground as shown in drawing No. 2 and fill with mud by filling the hole partly full with water and keeping it full enough for it to cover the dirt as you throw it in. Pile the dirt over both ends of the log as shown in drawing No. 3, now go ahead and make your dam, shoveling the dirt from the pond side of the dam. Leave a channel for the water to go through until the last thing, as dry dirt isn't so heavy as wet. Make a channel for the waste water so that it will not run beside the dam and wash it away. If the pond is a small creek that you can step across two of these spillways should be used. To have good skating ice, the water should not rise and fall over two or three inches.

If there is a hole where the water is about four feet deep, gold fish will live in it the year around. A few gold fish will keep a big pond free of mosquitoes. Did I hear somebody whisper swimming? Your mother can probably tell you where to get water lilies, arrow heads and water hyacinths to plant.

It is useless to try and make a pond if the dirt is very sandy or gravelly, as the water will soak off without filling the pond; but if the ground is swampy, no trouble will be had and you will be rid of a mosquito incubator.



Pattern Nos. 5150-5141

Pattern Nos. 5147-5135

**Fancy Tucked Blouse. 5150**

By far the greater number of fancy waists are closed at the back and some very attractive and charming effects are the result. Here is one that includes a dainty little chemisette and that is quite simple at the same time that it is dressy enough for informal dinner, the theatre and all occasions of the sort. As shown the material is chiffon tulle combined with lace but the season is prolific of charming things and any light weight material is entirely suited to the design. As shown the waist matches the skirt but it will also be found available for the separate one which is sure to be in demand for wear with coat suits. For this latter purpose white or color that matches the costume, is preferred to anything else.

The waist is made over a fitted lining on which the little chemisette is arranged and itself consists of front and backs. These last are tucked in groups at the shoulders and are gathered at the waist line, the closing being made invisibly at the back. There is a novel trimming strap which finishes the neck and which is turned as it approaches the front, and beneath its ends are arranged the jobs of lace that give an exceptionally graceful touch. The sleeves make notable features and are laid in fine tucks which give abundant and graceful fullness at the outer portions while they are plain above the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21, 4 yards 27 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yards of all-over lace and 2 1/2 yards of lace edging.

**Five Gored Tucked Skirt 5141.**

There is no skirt better liked and none more graceful than this one. It is absolutely simple, reducing the labor of making to the minimum while it takes most satisfactory lines and folds. The model is made of royal blue mohair, stitched with beading silk, but the skirt is one suited to all reasonable materials and will be a favorite through the entire autumn and winter. The tiny tucks over the hips give a yoke effect without curtailing apparent height and do away with bulk at that point.

The skirt is cut in five gores that are shaped to give generous fullness on the lower edge. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 8 1/4 yards 21, 7 1/2 yards 27 or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 5141 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.



Boy's Russian Blouse Suit, 5143

**Shirt Waist or Blouse. 5147**

TO BE MADE WITH OR WITHOUT THE FITTED LINING. The possibilities of the shirt waist seem literally without limit. Season by season it is found in new and attractive styles and always is novel at the same time that it fills its established place. Here is one that is among the very latest shown and that is equally well adapted to silk and to wool fabrics and to the many cotton and linen waistings which many women like for the entire year. It is tucked on quite individual lines, the closing being made invisibly at the centre where there is an effect obtained of two box plaits, while the back gives the tapering lines that are always so becoming. The sleeves follow the favorite trend and are full at the shoulders and narrower at the wrists and are finished with pointed cuffs that give a distinctive air, while the collar also is tucked in harmony with the waist.

The waist consists of the fitted foundation, which can be used or omitted as material renders desirable, fronts and back. The lining is closed at the centre while the hems of the waist are lapped beneath the tucks and closed invisibly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21, 4 1/4 yards 27 or 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 5147 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

**Seven Gored Skirt 5135.**

PERFORATED FOR WALKING LENGTH. There is to be no radical change in skirts with the coming of the autumn and the general tendency of plain fit over the hips with fullness below will continue. Here is one of the newest of all models that can be utilized either for walking length or for the indoor gown that is made round, or with a slight train, and which is exceedingly graceful in both styles. In this instance the material is mohair, stitched with beading silk, but the design will be found available for the finest and other washable fabrics of the immediate present as well as for all the suitings and many materials of the coming fall. The plaits provide ample and sufficient fullness while in addition they conceal all seams.

The skirt is cut in seven gores, two plaits being laid at each front and side seam, while the fullness at the back is arranged in inverted plaits. The stitched hem is held sufficient finish and is perhaps smarter than any trimming for the walking length, but the round skirt can be elaborated with banding applied after any manner that may be preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 1/2 yards 27, 5 1/2 yards 44 or 6 1/2 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 7 3/4 yards 27, 3 3/4 yards 44 or 3 1/2 yards 52 inches wide when it has not. The pattern 5135 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

**For Small Boys.**

There is no suit that pleases the small boy better than this one and none that is better adapted to his uses. The fact that it includes trousers satisfies his manifold ambitions while the blouse is so loose and comfortable that it allows of absolutely free movement and all the activity necessary to a growing boy. In the illustration the material is a striped mohair, but chevot, flannel, serge, velvet and velveteen are all appropriate, color and material depending upon the occasion upon which the suit is to be worn. For a boy of four will be required 3 1/4 yards of material 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

**Three-Quarter Coat. 5133**

PERFORATED FOR SHORTER LENGTH. The fitted coat makes the very latest decree of fashion and will be a pronounced favorite of the autumn. Here is one of the simplest and best that can be made in either three-quarter or half length and that is adapted to all suitings. It is severe but in its severity is found smartness while the simplicity of its cut renders it less difficult to make than the more elaborate ones. As shown the material is chiffon broadcloth colored gray in color stitched with beading silk, while the buttons are crocheted silk in matching color, the shade being a new and most desirable one while the material is always handsome and peculiarly well adapted to early fall. The sleeves are in the preferred weather are many and one and all can be utilized for the design.

The coat is made with fronts, backs and side-backs and under-arm gores and is finished with regulation collar and lapels. The sleeves are in the preferred coat style with roll-over cuffs at the wrists. When

liked the coat can be made shorter in half length. The quantity of material required for the medium size is 6 yards 27, 3 1/2 yards 44 or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide for three-quarter length; 5 1/4 yards 27, 2 1/2 yards 44 or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide for half length. The pattern 5133 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

**Nine Gored Side Plaited Skirt. 5107**

The plaited walking skirt in its many variations appears to have taken hold upon the fashionable world that nothing can shake and is promised in ever increasing variety. This one is among the most graceful, there being abundant flare and fullness below the stichings, while it is without awkward bulk over the hips. The model is made of white mohair stitched with beading silk, but is fashionable for all suitings and all skirting materials whether for those of immediate wear or the future, as the skirt is one that can be relied upon for many months to come.

The skirt is cut in nine gores, the plaits being so arranged as to conceal the seams and is laid in inverted plaits at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 1/2 yards 27, 5 1/2 yards 44 or 4 1/2 yards 52 inches wide when material has figure or nap; 7 1/2 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 44 or 3 1/2 yards 52 inches wide when it has not. The pattern 5107 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure.

**Loose Box Coat. 5154**

The loose coat is always a favorite one with many women and suits some figures better than any other sort, in addition to which it is easier to slip on and off and involves less difficulty in the making than do the fitted ones. Here is an exceedingly desirable model that will be much in vogue during the entire autumn and winter, both for the coat suit and for the separate wrap, and which is quite appropriate for all suitings, broadcloth, chevot, homespun and the like and also for the cloakings that are preferred for the all round wrap. In this instance the color is black and the material English kersey, simply stitched with beading silk, but color as well as material is a matter of personal preference and need.

The coat is made on quite simple lines, consisting of fronts and backs and is finished at the neck with the regulation collar and lapels. The closing is made invisibly by means of button-holes in a fly, and the sleeves are the favorite ones of the season that are full at the shoulders and plain at the wrists, where they are finished with the roll-over cuffs that are very generally becoming. When liked the collar can be of velvet but there is a peculiar smartness found in the use of one material throughout.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 27, 2 1/4 yards 44 or 2 1/4 yards 52 inches wide. The pattern 5154 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

**Nine Gored Umbrella Skirt. 4996**

The tendency to snug hips with voluminous folds at the lower portion of the skirt increases as the season advances. The effect is obtained in almost numberless ways but none is better liked for the simple walking costume than this one, which is without fullness at the belt. The gores are all carefully shaped and fall in graceful folds while the fact that they are absolutely smooth over the hips renders the model a most desirable one both for stout women and for the short ones, to both of whom anything that adds to the size or detracts from the height is apt to be unbecoming. All suiting materials can be utilized, the model being



Pattern No. 5081

**Tucked Blouse or Shirt Waist 5081.**

The fancy shirt waist, or the waist that takes an intermediate place between the severely plain model and the elaborate one, is always in demand.

It is useful for many occasions, it is dainty and attractive without over fuss, and makes an altogether desirable addition to the wardrobe. Illustrated is a most charming one that is tucked in groups and trimmed with bands of insertion that are applied between and which gives a dressy effect while in reality it is so simple that it can quite easily be made. In the case of the model the material is white lawn but there are innumerable others which are appropriate, thin silks and light weight wools being made after the same manner as are the washable fabrics.

The waist consists of fronts and back. There is a regulation shirt waist plait at the front edge beneath which the closing is made and the narrow tucks are stitched in graduated lengths at the front, from shoulders to belt at back. The sleeves are the accepted ones that consist of fitted cuffs and with full portions above.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/4 yards 21, 3 3/4 27 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 5/8 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated in the medium size.

The pattern 5081 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 40 and 42 inch bust measure.



Pattern Nos. 5133-4996.

Pattern Nos. 5154-5107.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

For a short time we will mail patterns shown in this issue, to any address for only 10 cents each or three for twenty-five cents. The regular retail prices range from 25 to 40 cents. The patterns are all of the latest New York modes and are unequalled for style, accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. With each issue full descriptions and directions—quantity of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by.

We can also furnish any of the patterns illustrated in the last five issues of Vick's Family Magazine. VICK PUBLISHING CO., Rochester, N. Y.

# Helps for Home Dressmakers

By May Manton

November is apt to mean the beginning of a busy season. Not alone has cold weather come upon us but also the holidays are at hand and many demands upon the time of the wife and mother are certain to be made. The question of proper clothing, however, is one that never can be omitted and suggestions as to how to supply the demand of the various members of the family will, prove as welcome as at any other period.

The winter is to be a time of generous variety and costumes of a great many sorts will be correct. Nothing, however, is smarter for street wear than the blouse jackets and nothing is better suited to home making. They do not require the careful fit of the tailored sort, in fact, involve no greater skill than that necessary for a waist, while they can be made as warm and as comfortable as may be liked. The one illustrated (5000) is among the best offered and can be made either with or without the basque



5000 Blouse Jacket, 32 to 42 bust.

portion, which is quite separate. The tucks give becoming lines and do away with all severity while there is a pretty little roll-over collar at the neck. Velveteen, cloth and, indeed, all suitings are appropriate, and worn with even the simplest fur scarf the jacket will be found to provide sufficient warmth for even a cold winter's day. To make it will be required 2 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide.

Skirts that flare at the lower portion while they are perfectly smooth over the hips are among the most fashionable ones of the winter, both for walking and for the house. This one (5148) can be made in either length and is exceptionally graceful and becoming. Again, it is so shaped that it allows of making over from one of last winter's plaited ones with perfect facility. The gores are narrow, and if the material has no up and down, can be cut out most economically. In addition to being exceedingly stylish it is also exceedingly becoming to almost all women, as the many seams give a slender effect to the figure which is always desirable. For the street there are almost numberless suitings worn this season, homespuns and chevots as well as broadcloth and velveteen, and the skirt suits every one of them. For in-door wear cashmere and henrietta are having great vogue and both are graceful and satisfactory, although there are many additional ones which might be suggested. To make the skirt will be required 4 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide, if there is no up and down, if there is it will require 6 1/2 yards.



5148 Eleven Gored Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.



5166 Fancy Blouse, 32 to 40 bust

Again, it will be quite possible to make the yoke and its extensions of silk, the waist being of wool,

while the centre portion or box plait and collar would be of plaid, three materials in a single garment being much seen this season. The waist is exceedingly graceful and attractive in itself both for the odd one and for the entire costume. For the odd waists silk and such light weight wools as cashmere are well liked, while for the gown everything that is seasonable is appropriate. 2 1/2 yards of material 44 inches wide would be sufficient for the entire waist where new material is used through-out.

Yoke waists are to be very fashionable this winter and exceedingly pretty, while at the same time they are replete with suggestion for the combination of materials, which so often is necessary in the remaking of the season's garments. This one No. 5158 is among the prettiest that has been shown and can be made either of silk, cashmere, henrietta and the like or of any pretty soft material that may be at hand, with the yoke and cuffs of silk, of plaid or of figured material so that there is a generous opportunity offered for the exercise of individual taste. The yoke is oddly shaped and is joined to the full portion of the waist, the closing being made invisibly at the front. 2 3/4 yards of material 44 inches wide will be sufficient when one material only is used.



5158 Fancy Yoke Blouse, 32 to 40 bust.

No woman of judgment allows herself or her daughters to be without a restful negligee. The hour of rest taken at some time through the day is essential to health and should be so regarded, while whatever contributes thereto is to be regarded as a necessity. In the illustration (5174) is shown a kimono which involves the least possible labor in the making and is simple in the extreme, yet so graceful and attractive that the most exacting girl will be glad to slip it on for her afternoon rest. In this case the material is a Japanese cotton crepe while the bands are of plain wash silk. The crepe is quite inexpensive and can be had in a variety of colors, but there is almost no limit to the materials that can be used. Cashmere is much seen and light weight wash flannels are also appropriate while again, cotton crepe in plain colors is quite warm enough for many women. Silk banding is pretty but not obligatory as any contrasting color can be made effective whatever the material chosen may be. The long kimono is apt to be the more satisfactory for winter use but the pattern allows of cutting off and making one in sacque style if desired, so that two garments are really provided in one. Again, if liked the yoke can be of one material while the kimono is of another, or the yoke and the bands can be of one. 7 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide will be required for a woman of medium size with two yards of silk for the bands.

The children and their needs are of importance in every well regulated household,



5167 Child's Long Coat, 2 to 8 yrs.

and as cold weather approaches nothing is more certain to be needed than such a long, protective coat as shown in 5167. As illustrated it is made of red Melton cloth trimmed with a little banding but corduroy and velveteen are greatly worn this season and are always pretty for the little ones, while there are also a number of chevots and other rough cloths which are a bit less difficult to handle than the smooth ones. The coat is absolutely simple and is so easily shaped and fitted that even the least experienced mother could make it with success. The coat sleeves with the leg-o-mutton suggestion are seen upon many of the handsome coats but are no more fashionable than the full ones, so that individual preferences makes the only deciding point. The strap at the back confines the fullness but is not necessary and can be omitted and the back left to hang plain if better liked. For a child of six will be required 2 1/2 yards of material 52 inches wide.

The simple blouse dress is the one in which the school-girl is apt to look her



5176 Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years.

best. No. 5176 is among the best that have appeared so far this season and has been selected both for that reason and because it lends itself to the combination of materials with unusual success. The little chemisette and the cuffs made of plaid or of any figured material are always pretty and it often happens that by using such the dress of last year can be quite easily made over. The waist blouses after the manner apt to be becoming to childish figures and is closed with buttons and buttonholes at the back, while the skirt is simply gathered at the top and joined to it. The band of plaid in the skirt is pretty but not necessary as many of the

(Continued on page thirty-nine)

## ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WEAK?

Thousands of Men and Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, Swamp-Root, Will Do for YOU. Every Reader of Vick's Family Magazine May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Absolutely Free by Mail.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

### Didn't Know I Had Kidney Trouble

I had tried so many remedies without their having benefited me that I was about discouraged, but in a few days after taking your wonderful Swamp-Root I began to feel better.

I was out of health and run down generally; had no appetite, was dizzy and suffered with headache most of the time. I did not know that my kidneys were the cause of my trouble, but somehow felt they might be, and I began taking Swamp-Root, as above stated. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the spot and drives disease out of the system. It has cured me, making me stronger and better in every way, and I cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers.

Gratefully yours,

MRS. A. L. WALKER, 331 East Linden St., Atlanta, Ga.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for many kinds of diseases, and if permitted to continue much suffering and fatal results are sure to follow. Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Unhealthy kidneys cause rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints and muscles; make your head ache and back ache, cause indigestion, stomach and liver trouble, you get a sallow, yellow complexion, make you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

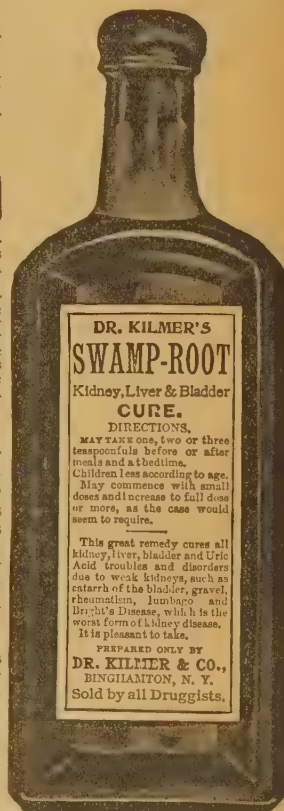
### How To Find Out

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressing cases, that to Prove its wonderful merits you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle.

In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say that you read this generous offer in VICK'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.



(Swamp-Root is pleasant to take.)

## Heart Talks BY MRS. CATHERINE WALTER

**NOTE:** The object of this department is to place all subscribers who are in need of sympathy and advice in communication with a woman of large experience and warm sympathies who will give each case her careful thought and consideration.

All communications for this department should be addressed to Mrs. Catherine Walter, 168 E. 61st Street, New York City.

Dear Friends and Readers:—I wonder if it ever occurs to you, as it certainly does to me, that we ought to be more thankful than we are for the many blessings we possess—for our health, our friends, our intelligence.

A friend of mine, the mother of a family of children, told me that when they were babies, as she bathed and dressed them every morning she would thank God that they were physically perfect. How few of us ever think of thanking God for our mercies, but take for granted all the good that befalls us, as if we somehow had a right to it.

But if any trouble overtakes us how quickly we rebel! And yet, in many cases, if we had only been more truly thankful, and had appreciated the good things we possess, we should have done more to preserve them, and thus have avoided many of our sorrows.

The younger generation has so many more advantages of education and so much comfort compared with what their parents often had, that they are growing up to be appallingly selfish and ungrateful, never taking into consideration the many sacrifices made by others in order to provide them with these comforts. Too much importance is placed on mere book study and too little time and thought given to the cultivation of the moral qualities,—such as: generosity, kindness and thoughtfulness for others, gratitude and the outward expression of all these qualities—courteousness in manner and speech to all, whether beneath, or above us in station.

Young people and children should be taught that their parents are first and foremost entitled to respect and consideration, and that good manners are just as necessary at home as when one goes visiting. Many people seem to think it does not matter how they behave to their own family at home, and yet they wish to be considered gentlemen and ladies when they go out and put on "company manners." How much better it is to try and have good manners all the time, and it is just as easy. The whole secret lies in unselfishness, in considering the feelings and comfort of others as well as your own. This is true politeness and not the shoddy article called "company manners."

We seem to have wandered from our subject—gratitude, but in reality we have not, for if children were taught from their earliest years to be grateful to their parents and to all those who are good to them, as they grew older this mental attitude would be reflected in better manners.—Mrs. W.

### From a Widow.

Dear Mrs. Walter:—I thought I would write and ask you to give me the benefit of your advice and sympathy.

Last year I lost my dear husband, who had been my friend and companion for fifteen years. The shock was so great that brain fever set in and I was taken to the hospital, as my friends thought I would have better care. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I have a wonderful constitution, and after being ill for some time I rallied, and am now in perfect health. But it is so dreadful to come back to my lonely home where everything reminds me of my dear husband that I sometimes think I cannot stand it another day, and I am afraid I shall become melancholy. What would you advise me to do? I should be so grateful if you would suggest something that would make my life happier.—Mrs. L.

Dear Mrs. L.—I sympathize heartily with you in your bereavement and can quite understand how everything about you recalls your loss. Some people like to indulge their sorrow, but I feel just as you do, and think there is great danger of your becoming melancholy if you do not get an entire change of surroundings.

I would advise you to go away for at least one year. Go and travel somewhere—see new places, new people, and try and take an interest in everything around you. Remember that all grief is selfish for we are really mourning for ourselves and for our own loss; but still

it is very hard not to mourn, and it is only by filling one's life with various interests, or some one interest and trying to brighten other lives that we can live down our sorrow.

Why not cross the ocean, as that would be a more thorough change than traveling in this country and you would find a great deal to interest you in Europe. In your case it might be best to join a party going over, and you would have less chance to be alone and to brood over your sorrow. You will get fresher ideas and learn more from a European trip than in any other way I can suggest, and at the end of a year your mind and spirit will be refreshed and invigorated and you can then take up some interest that will fill your life. With all sympathy and good wishes.—Mrs. W.

### From a Country Girl.

Dear Mrs. Walter:—As I see that you answer all sorts of questions, I am going to ask you to tell what you advise me to do.

I am just a plain country girl, always lived a home until my parents died since then have been boarding with some relatives: I have a fair education and a little money, but not what I believe is called "Culture." Until lately I was quite contented, but since last summer I am getting restless and want to improve myself. Many visitors from the city come here in the summer and sometimes they lend me books and talk to me as if they thought I knew as much as they do and I do not want them to think I am too ignorant. How can I improve?

Country Girl:—It is a very good sign that you are not satisfied with yourself and with what you know, as there is so much to learn, and many people who have plenty of time have so little ambition.

If you have time to study I should advise you to take up the Chautauque course or some of its branches. There

(Continued on page thirty-eight)

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FRUIT NOTES

Small Fruits.

Care of the Grape Vines.

In the September issue we said something about pruning, and if we repeat anything then said it is only to more strongly impress the advisability of getting some of the work among the vines done up this fall.

Now comes another thought, viz., all the above work can be done so much better and easier if the vines are first pruned. Any time after the leaves have fallen will answer and the sooner it is done the better.

So it will be good practice to prune the grape vines first and then the work will be clear for applying the fertilizer of whatever kind it is.

It is also a good time to remove the old canes from the bush fruits. True many leave this work until the early spring; but the most substantial reason I have ever heard for thus doing, is that the work did not get done in the fall and, so there was no alternative but to do it in the spring or let it go without doing at all.

Some Experiences.

This year we had quite a lengthy season with the small fruit gathering and there was very little leisure or lull in the picking of the various fruits from about June 10, to October 5.

The strawberries were the first to put in their appearance and before they were over the red raspberries were claiming attention and marketing these began June 28. They lasted continuously until August first. During this time the black raspberries came and went, and the blackberry season was well under way before the red raspberries were gone.

Some Plum Questions.

MR. MORSE:—"Being a subscriber to Vick's I come to you for advice. We have two plum trees (Yellow Egg Variety). Two years ago they blossomed for the first time; one of the trees matured one plum, and the other none at all.

Last year both blossomed again each one ripening two plums. The fruit that set in the spring turned yellow, and within a few weeks all dropped off. We also have a small plum tree (dark blue); the fruit on this gets as large as a cherry then rots and drops off.

Try the following: apply a liberal dressing of fresh wood ashes, (a bushel or more) to each tree. Do so this fall if possible, then in the spring just before the buds begin to swell spray them thoroughly with sulphate of copper one pound to ten gallons of water.

The copper sulphate is often called blue vitriol or blue stone. Place it in a thin cloth sack and suspend it in the water until dissolved; and it is ready for use. It will not require more than a gallon for all three trees; but following the proportions given above you need not make more than is needed.

John Elliott Morse.

Horticulture as a Business for Young Men

Every normally developed young man desires a business that shall be respectable, pleasant and remunerative. For young men with brains and energy there are few better fields than horticulture.

At this time of the year we hear much about the mammoth apple trees and phenomenal yields of from forty to seventy-five bushels per tree. This is always encouraging as it shows that climate and soil are adapted to the growing of this fruit.

There is no other branch of agriculture that requires a higher degree of scientific training than horticulture. The successful fruit grower must know the soil and the principles of fertilization; he must understand the principles of drainage and cultivation; he must be more than a book botanist; he must know vegetable anatomy and pathology; he must be able to graft, bud, prune and dress wounds of trees.

He must be a business man. There is always a good demand for fruit, and it is constantly increasing. To successfully market a large crop to the best advantage is no small business undertaking and the successful horticulturist must be equal to the task. His work is of a somewhat higher class than is that of the general farmer, but it is less strenuous, and his profits larger, for there is no other farm crop that will compare in dollars per acre with a fruit crop.

Again, horticulture includes landscape gardening, the most graceful and beautiful of all arts. The young man who chooses it for his profession has the greatest opportunity for beautifying his home, a work that will yield more in character building and true happiness than any other work he may do.

for the light attractions of the city? A moral stimulus there is no comparison between the free, out-door farm life and the dusty city. If by beautifying the farm and its surroundings one can instill into the boys and girls a love for the country he will have left them a rich inheritance.

Coleman's Rural World.

Hale on Peach Raising.

Hale said that peaches are now being grown with some success in nearly every State in the Union. There is no longer what was called the peach belt. By choosing the right elevation and soil the peach region can be greatly extended. In commercial peach growing what is most necessary to attain success is a taste and love for the work of fruit growing. Having a natural taste for the business, the first consideration should be the location of the orchard.

Peach Growers Journal.

Do not cut the raspberry and blackberry bushes back too far. There is danger of this, for the best fruit buds are well out on the canes. Recent experiments by some of our experiment stations and by private growers have proved conclusively that it does not pay to cut back the canes of these fruits very severely, either in the summer or winter pruning.

Grape vines will bear quite close pruning, but my experience has taught me not to cut them as close as many do. I like to leave the young canes from one to two feet long and entirely remove the weak or slender ones, that there may be only strong buds left for fruiting and that they have plenty of room to expand the following season.

Strawberries at Reading.

We have several of the largest strawberry growers of the country here, says American Cultivator. We also have several growers of exclusive varieties, therefore this district is quite noted for its beautiful berries of famous names. The setting out of these berries is requiring considerable attention among our farmers, and we shall probably have increased acreage this year of them, about twice the number formerly.

Reading is a large supplier of the best berries to the Boston market. It also has had considerable success with the growing of the highest grade strawberry, which is more selected for private use, and a berry which demands the highest price.

When ordinary berries have been selling in Boston as low as ten cents a box, some of the Reading berries have been sold as high as twenty-five and thirty-five cents a box, consequently it has paid the farmers here to devote as much time as they can in developing the strawberry to a degree of perfection which has met the highest competitor, going into the largest markets, and practically selling at their own price.

Oscar Howe, Reading, Mass.

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Trees \$5.00 per 100, Freight Paid Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, healthy, true to name and cultivated. All kinds of trees and plants at low wholesale prices.

FARM NOTES

The Red Cock.

I wake! I feel the day is near;  
I hear the red cock crowing!  
He cries, "'Tis dawn!" How sweet and clear

His cheerful call comes to my ear,  
While light is slowly growing.

The white snow gathers, flake on flake;  
I hear the red cock crowing!  
Is anybody awake

To see the winter morning break,  
While thick and fast it's snowing?

I think the world is all asleep;  
I hear the red cock crowing!  
Out of the frosty pane I peep;  
The drifts are piled so wide and deep;  
And wild the wind is blowing!

A happy little child I lie,  
And hear the red cock crowing.  
The day is dark, I wonder why  
His voice rings out so brave and high,  
With gladness overflowing.  
*Celia Thaxter.*

Paying Pork.

Pork twelve dollars and fourteen dollars per 100 seems a big price when ordinary pork brings only about seven dollars, but we know a young farmer living about fourteen miles from market whose pork nets him not less than twelve cents straight. How does he do it? Not by selling to the butcher or meat market, but by being his own butcher and seller. He has a weekly butter route, and to supply his customers keeps about forty cows. Several calves are raised, but the bulk of the skim-milk and the buttermilk goes to hogs, and he turns off every winter from forty to fifty, 150 to 200-pound hogs. He smokes his own hams and bacon, which bring fifteen to sixteen cents a pound. Spareribs and shoulders are sold fresh at twelve to fourteen cents. The lard brings twelve cents, the salt pork twelve cents and the remainder is sold in sausage, souse, etc., at twelve to fifteen cents. Of course this means some work in preparation but he does not have to find a market, as he easily sells all on his butter route; the people know it will all be fresh and good, and there is quite a difference in income between turning off yearly 6,000 pounds of pork at twelve and fourteen cents or the same at seven cents, and the extra work is well paid. Two other young men we know have built up a good trade each winter selling their own homemade sausage which brings them twenty cents a pound, and they use all the pig, save the hams and spareribs and the lard. They are doing well at it, and there are many such openings for young men, and older men too, who will put up a good article that can be depended upon as uniform and of high quality.  
*Rural New Yorker.*

Leaves for Bedding.

As bedding and an absorbent of liquid manure nothing, in my judgment, can compare in handiness and efficiency to leaves, those of the forests being as much better than those of the shade trees of the roadside by as much as they exceed them in oak equivalents. Leaves have also a mechanical value in the lightness and porous character they give when they enter into the conjunction of composition of compost soils, such as are used by the florist in potting his plants, but in every use made of them when the value has been discussed as plant food I believe it has been overestimated.  
*J. J. H. Gregory in Tribuns Farmer.*

Why Dairying Maintains Fertility.

Professor Curtis, at the recent dairy convention at Cedar Rapids, Ia., told why dairying maintains the fertility of the farm. He said, "In selling \$1,000 worth of wheat from an Iowa farm at present prices we sell with it about \$350 worth of fertility. In selling \$1,000 worth of corn we sell about \$250 worth of fertility—or constituents which would cost the farmer this amount if he

were obliged to buy commercial fertilizers to maintain the fertility of the farm. But we can convert \$1,000 worth of corn into beef, pork or mutton and sell it in that form and not remove over twenty-five dollars worth of fertility from the farm, or we can convert \$1,000 worth of feed into butter and not remove a single dollar's worth of fertility with it. Butter is almost wholly pure fat or carbon, and that adds nothing to the value or productive capacity of the soil.

Cowpeas for Poultry.

Cowpeas for food for poultry were harvested after maturity, stored in dry lofts and thrown to the fowls in scratching pens, where they were scratched over and searched for during the day.

After a few days the egg supply very visibly increased, and within a few weeks almost double that from an equal number of hens kept in separate quarters and fed on other grains.

The hens seemed to like the small branches and leaves, and would eat every particle except the hard, stiff stems. The general health of the flock was excellent, and not a single hen showed the least symptom of ailment during the winter season.  
*Southern Agriculturist.*

Storing Cabbage for Winter.

First a dry spot of ground must be selected, if possible one that is naturally well drained, but avoid a hillside. With a large plow make a trench six to eight inches deep going and returning in the same furrow and finishing with a shovel, that is, cleaning out the small ridge in the center which has been left by the plow. On a dry day the cabbage is pulled and turned upside down and allowed to drain for an hour or so.

Place the cabbage in the trench close together with the roots up. Then plow several furrows against the cabbage on either side and finish with a shovel putting on about six inches of dirt. When the ground has frozen two or three inches cover with corn stalks to the depth of a foot. If the cabbage shows any signs of decay it is time ill-spent to bury it, also in seasons when the rainfall has been excessive during growing season, cabbage will keep but a short time and should not be buried.  
*American Agriculturist.*

Sheltering Animals to Save Feed.

By actual experiment it has been demonstrated that the saving of food by means of good shelter is equal, in a short time, to the cost of the shelter, says Agricultural Epitomist. Pigs, when provided with good shelter and warm quarters, by the experiments made, fattened on much less food than was required to simply keep them alive in an unprotected state. The comparison is an important one. In the first place, the animals not properly provided with suitable accommodations did not gain in weight at all, but really destroyed or wasted all that had been provided for them; for the food was converted into heat, in order to give the animals protection that should have been furnished with boards and shingles. This seems to answer the question whether feeding an animal on the products of the farm, which require labor to produce, is cheaper than the shelter which, when once erected, lasts for a number of years and does service for successive seasons. Such facts prove that quality of shelter is as important as the quality of the feed. Furthermore, as a pound of flesh or a quart of milk is easier saved than regained after it has been lost, it is a poor policy trying to make cattle gather up the dried waste blades of fodder in the cornfield, or the late grass in the pasture. Frostbitten grass, especially, lacks in juiciness and in nutritive qualities, and cows having to depend upon it until very late in the fall are not only in danger of losing their calves, but their lives, during the coming winter. They can be carried through much more economically by admitting them to the stables in fresh, healthy condition than they can

if they are wasted by cold, or are half-famished when put up for the winter. Their quarters should, therefore, be made ready for housing them as soon as the first cold days and nights arrive. This applies to all the stock on the farm; it will do as much as the best of feed to keep them in thriving, improving condition. More comfort, more flesh.

Best Food for Fattening Lambs.

Very careful experiments at the Ontario Agricultural College have shown that an even mixture of peas and oats made the most profit in feeding lambs. Peas alone make the most gain, but at a somewhat greater cost of feed. Corn and peas made a slightly smaller gain than the other feeds. But the difference was so small that the convenience of procuring the feed is the largest element in the case. As peas and oats may be grown together very conveniently and cheaply, this crop secures some advantages over others which may give it a preference in this regard.

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MRS. ROOSEVELT says: "The Perfection Egg Separator and Beater is the handiest article I know of where eggs are used." Saves time, trouble, mess. Sample 12 cents. Novelty catalogue free. Western Mercantile Co., Dept. D, Indianapolis, Ind.

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A Glen Richey, Pa., man says: "Had I had your book several years ago I might have been spared the humiliation of losing my savings of years."

Every reader of Vick's Family Magazine should send for this book.

The following are a few of the many subjects covered:

- (1) How you can surely make a lot of money through good investments even if you start with as little as one dollar or a few dollars a month.
- (2) How to double your money in six months.
- (3) How safe, non-speculative business enterprises earn 100 to 300 per cent. (This is not a careless statement. The book contains nothing but proven FACTS—lots of them—surprising facts.)
- (4) How a bit of business advice was worth fifty thousand dollars. This advice, included in our book, APPLIES TO YOU no matter how little money you are earning.
- (5) How and where to get reliable information about ANY investment.
- (6) Some names, facts, and figures of special interest to everyone who has any money on deposit in any bank.
- (7) The real secrets of success; monthly dividends; listed and unlisted stocks, etc.

This copyrighted book is not like any other book ever published, although others are advertised in a similar way. It is not an advertisement of any investment. It is entitled "The Wells & Corbin Guide for Investors." Send us a postal saying, simply: "Send guide for investors." You will receive the book by return mail, free.

WELLS & CORBIN  
1914 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.









Mr. Sanders didn't like to have anything done when his wife commanded, but neither did he relish particularly opposing her and, in this instance, with a musical treat in store, he consented readily.

So Mr. and Mrs. John Sanders and Nick drove over to the Browns'. Mrs. Sanders started in at once to explain that Nick had heard such beautiful ragtime and Sousa marches the night before, they'd like to hear a few, too, if it wasn't too much trouble.

"No trouble at all," the Browns said, for Frieda's six-year-old sister could run the phonograph as well as the old folks.

In two minutes the machine was ready for a concert, Nick listening patiently to Sousa marches, dances, minstrel records and what not. He wanted to hear those three records of the beloved voice, but did not dare to ask.

Finally Mrs. Sanders accomplished her mission by leading the conversation dexterously to made records. Frieda explained that they made their own records, then shaved them off and used the same records over and over again dozens of times, but that they had just three records left of a beautiful singer, a girl who stayed with them last summer. So these records were played, and Nick listened in heavenly ecstasy.

"Who's your friend?" Mrs. Sanders blurted out.

"Why, Ethel Richards," Frieda said. "She stayed with me two weeks."

"Yes, good looking she was," Mr. Sanders interjected. "Father a lawyer, as I remember."

Here was an idea for Mrs. Sanders—just thrown at her.

"You know, John, we were always going to turn that law case over to some Chicago lawyer," Mrs. Sanders remarked and turning to Frieda she continued "Have you Mr. Richards' address?"

Frieda didn't remember but she said she had a letter from Ethel some time ago which she would hunt up. Mr. Sanders laughed—said his wife must be crazy to talk about turning that ten-dollar clothesline case over to a Chicago lawyer. Anyway, the case had been dropped a year ago, and so on, but Mrs. Sanders insisted upon seeing the letter from Miss Richards.

"Well, I'll just take it home and copy the address," Mrs. Sanders said when Frieda brought the letter, "if you don't mind," and of course Frieda didn't mind.

So the evening passed with more dance and minstrel and other records, and it was late before the three visitors left. Nothing more was said about the Ethel Richards case and I doubt if any of the Browns thought anything was involved beyond a notion of the enterprising Mrs. Sanders to hire a Chicago lawyer for a ten-dollar case.

Anyway, when Mrs. Sanders got home she wrote forthwith to Mr. Richards about her law case and added a postscript saying that her son Nick wished to be remembered to Miss Ethel whom he had met at a picnic in the summer.

Back came a letter from Mr. Richards regretting that he could not handle the law case, but stating that his daughter Ethel was glad to be remembered and thanking Nick for the favors he had done for her at the picnic, including a special boat ride, a pony ride, etc. Then Mrs. Sanders induced Nick to write back himself. Days and days of anxious waiting, and actually a short, pleasant note came from Miss Ethel.

Months passed. Shall we tell of all of Nick's anxiety—how he wrote a little longer letters each time, how the replies, also, came longer and longer at shorter intervals, how he called on Frieda more and more frequently until the neighbors thought it was a sure love match between him and Frieda?

Suffice it to say that Frieda became both Ethel's and Nick's confidant, that she enjoyed playing the records over to Nick hundreds of times without wearying. Finally Nick made a record of his own voice in Frieda's machine and sent it to Ethel, who in turn put the record on her phonograph and sent the reply on another record.

You can imagine the rest. It wasn't long before Nick—with his mother's urging and his unsuspecting father's consent—had to take a trip to Chicago on business. Quite properly he called on Ethel. There wasn't anything

but a friendly relation at that time, but we know that Ethel liked Nick, the honest, straightforward, bashful but intelligent country lad.

And we have learned since that Ethel secured the permission of her parents to spend the Christmas holidays with Frieda. In her heart of hearts, Ethel knows as well as we that she is coming to see Frieda because Nick is near, and as for Nick, he's already rehearsing how to pop the question and hear the sweet word "Yes" pronounced by the voice he loves.

### A Perfect Thanksgiving

(Continued from page six)

but Auntie gave one to a poor lady. Auntie is the goodest lady I ever saw."

"That was the first time I ever thought of giving to anyone at Thanksgiving," said Mrs. Delmar humbly. "Elizabeth saw the poor woman shivering by the backdoor and wanted to give her something so I fixed up a basket for her."

"She is always wanting me to give pennies to the beggars," said Mr. Delmar heaping the small china plate with good things. "I think we have been unconsciously going to school all the time since last September and have only begun to learn."

"School like I am going to some day or like Sunday School?" asked Elizabeth with wide open eyes.

"Both, dearie. Why, how do you do, Cousin Fred? We didn't know you were in town," said Mr. Delmar ushering in a gentleman. "You are just in time for dinner. We were speaking of you folks this morning and wished your wife was able to celebrate the day."

"She is better and I have come for Elizabeth. No, thank you, I can not wait for dinner as I must catch the afternoon train. Hurry and put on your wraps, child, for we haven't much time."

"She has crept into our hearts and we simply can not do without her," said Mrs. Delmar when they had wept and pleaded and coaxed and argued to no purpose. "We are able to care for her and give her a good education but that is not the reason we want her. We can not exist without the child."

"I am her guardian and have a right to keep her," said Fred Gardner stubbornly. "Just because you have more money than I you want to take advantage of me. The will says I am to have three dollars a week for taking care of her and you want to take that right out of my pocket."

"Is that the reason?" cried the perplexed young couple together. "We will gladly let you have the money if you will let us keep her."

"Well, if you don't know any better than to burden yourselves with a child when you have none of your own I ought not to object. My wife never did like her or want her with us so if you're sure you won't want to shift her off on us in a year or two I have no objection to leaving her. You'll have to put it in black and white if you intend to keep her."

"Sure?" Mrs. Delmar sped for pen and ink and her husband with trembling fingers wrote up the contract. They breathed a sigh of relief when he was safely out of the house and Mrs. Delmar rushed to the nursery whither Elizabeth had been sent after that first blunt declaration.

"O Auntie," cried the frightened little girl clinging to the woman who sobbed over her. "Won't you be my Mamma? Maggie said if I had a real Papa and Mamma no one could ever send me where I didn't want to go."

"Mama," whispered Elizabeth when they sat down once more to the cold Thanksgiving dinner, "Papa asked blessing twice. What was that for?"

"Because he is so happy, dear," explained the happy woman, pressing her lips to the eager little face. "I don't think we will ever get through rejoicing over this perfect Thanksgiving day."

"That is just what it is," said Mr. Delmar. "The dinner is cold and Elizabeth's cat ate the pie and we forgot the ice cream but it is a perfect Thanksgiving just the same."

### Mother's Meeting

(Continued from page fifteen)

Such a relationship causes childish confidence, invites to openness of heart and mother learns every thought of the child. As you, my readers, know, I am steadfastly in earnest over the theme of teaching sex truths in time—which is to the very young children—and the embarrassed mother or the one who "never could talk" will find her golden reward if by the delightful companionship woven in the hours spent teaching Kindergarten she is able to easily approach this sacred subject of sex.

No one but mother can so sweetly, purely, truly teach a child its first lessons on any theme. Be jealous of anyone who assumes this privilege of yours.

So we voted for the party which declared they'd do away

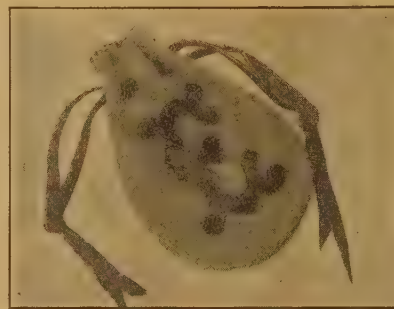
With the ills the poor man suffered, and bring in the glorious day

When the rich should cease to grind us, and prosperity would come,

And low prices fill with plenty every honest laborer's home.

Vain delusion! Lying promise! But we have ourselves to thank

That no flour is in the barrel and no money in the bank. W. H. C.



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Desired initial burned in each purse. In ordering state color desired and give initial if you wish burned on purse. Unless color is specified Cinnamon Brown will be furnished.

Price, 35c. postpaid. Four in same order, \$1.25. Order early as you and your friends will wish more.

Agents Wanted.

BURNT LEATHER ART COMPANY, PURSE DEPT. V. DANVILLE, N. Y.

## Amanda's Trip

(Continued from page seven)

beside her plate, and one glance at the amount, nearly took away her breath. What had she eaten? And dropping again to her chair, she looked as though she feared she had lost her mind.

She opened her purse again, counting out the required amount, then closing it with a snap, she hurried again to the street.

The crowd was at its height, and her limbs ached with walking the hard pavements; then as the old farm rose before her, it never seemed so peaceful as now when she was longing for the dear old home and trees.

She could imagine Joshua hard at work in the sweet dewy meadows, and hear in her mind the low toned robin's call. He had said that there was nothing in New York to beat it, and she began to feel that he was right.

She started for her hotel, puzzled to know the way, but consulting a policeman, he escorted her to a Broadway car, where on being seated and looking for her purse, she was filled with consternation to find it had been stolen from her pocket, and not a cent was left to pay her fare.

She arose feebly, trying to stop the car, when a gentleman observing her distress, quickly handed her the necessary nickel, telling her to remain in her seat.

Aunt Amanda turned towards his kind face with lowspoken thanks.

"I don't know who you be," she said humbly, "but Joshua Jinkins will feel grateful to yer for befriending his wife, and if I live 'till mornin', I'll be back on the farm again, for the home he an' the Lord has given me, will be sufficient the rest of my life."

The gentleman proved a friend, and as he was staying at the same hotel, kindly helped Aunt Amanda procure a return ticket, as she had more money in her trunk, and saw her safely on her homeward train.

"Come to the farm this summer, and you shall have the best billed dinner Amanda Jinkins can produce," she said as she gave him her hand at parting, and with a last nod, the train sped out of the station as though that also wished to hasten towards Amanda's home.

Joshua arose with the birds that morning, and going to the barn, planned a hard days work, to drive away his dull thoughts. Ann Maria was also busy over the morning meal, but instead of the hot fried potatoes and ham, which Amanda always had prepared, she like all girls, wished to try some new experiment in cooking, and set before her uncle's plate a light cream omelet, which he had never seen before and had no wish to taste again, for being asked anxiously how he liked her new receipt, he had vowed that it tasted as much like nothing, as anything he ever ate.

That was too much for even Ann Maria, and taking a pan to the orchard, she was about to dig the greens for dinner, when looking up, she saw her Aunt Amanda creeping up the country road.

She sprung to the wall, but Joshua had also seen the blessed sight, and nearly leaping the fence, he hastened to her side, while no experience of their youthful days, could have compared with that glad meeting.

She placed her hands in his, and smiled as he kissed her lips like a youthful lover.

"I've had my trip to New York," she said briefly, "and now Joshua I shall be contented on the farm. It's fine there I suppose, and there must be wealth in abundance, but we've got plenty o' love an' kind friends here, and best of all each other," with a contented smile, "and I tell you nothin' that I've seen yet, will tempt me to leave my home and Joshua Jinkins again."

He led her to the house, where she related all her vast experiences, "but the dinner was the worst Joshua," she said, "what do you suppose made that veal cost so much?"

"Perhaps it costs more to raise 'em in New York," he replied meekly.

"Perhaps it does," she answered, "I hadn't thought o' that, and if you should see the place Joshua, I don't think you'd want to raise much live stock there yourself."

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**I**N the spring of 1905 we advertised and sold a few hundred shares of stock in the Vick Publishing Company for the purpose of extending our business and the results from the use of this additional capital have been most gratifying. Our circulation has increased to such an extent as to warrant our charging twice as much as a year ago for our advertising space and the prospects are very bright for doubling our present business during the coming year. We have earned in excess of 15 per cent a year on the capital employed for the past four years and fully expect to do better in the future. It is not our policy however to pay out the entire earnings of the company in dividends, for a year or two, as funds will be needed for still further developing the business.

#### The Company to Buy Another Business

We have been negotiating for some time for the purchase of another old established business, one which has been known from the Atlantic to the Pacific for half a century and which will add wonderfully to the volume of our business and to its profits. We are not at liberty as yet to announce the name of the concern but when we do, every reader of Vick's will at once recognize the great value and prestige of the business and the advantages to be gained by adding it to the Vick Publishing Co. We expect the transfer to be made in the near future and as this will call for the payment of quite a large sum of money we have decided to offer a limited number of shares of the treasury stock of the Vick Publishing Company at par (\$10.00 each) for this purpose. As soon as the consolidation takes place

#### The Price of the Stock will be Advanced to \$12.50

per share. We shall then organize two important and profitable new departments, which when fully established will, we believe, earn enough to pay handsome dividends on the entire capital of the company. We believe that you will not soon have another opportunity to invest in a company which is paying such handsome dividends and where the prospects for greatly increasing the business in the near future, are so bright. Even as a speculation these shares are exceedingly attractive as you should have no trouble in disposing of your holdings at the advanced price as soon as the consolidation takes place.

We trust that as many of our readers as possible will take advantage of this opportunity. If you can take only one share, we will gladly welcome you into our family of shareholders and if you are not prepared to pay the entire amount at once, you may send one dollar for each share subscribed for and pay the balance at the rate of one dollar per share per month.

Do not forget that the shares are only \$10.00 each now and that the price will be advanced to \$12.50 a share as soon as the consolidation takes place. We are confident that the price will still further advance, possibly to \$15.00 a share soon after the consolidated business is in full operation, as the earnings should be sufficient to pay large dividends regularly.

Address and make remittances payable to

## Vick Publishing Company,

### Autumn Wildlings.

(Continued from page nine.)

Among the most profuse bloomers of autumn are the asters, from the small white and blue blossoms to the clusters of big purple flowers mingling with clumps of goldenrod along the roadside. Long after frost has laid low most of the flowers these beautiful purple asters remain, relieving the monotony of brown fields. The oxeye daisy is a spring flower but some of its blossoms may be found throughout the summer and autumn. I have found them as late as the middle of December, the only blossoms left save an occasional dandelion.

In mid-autumn the gentians, arcticokes, clover and wild carrots brighten the fields with their blossoms. These common plants usually are passed by being regarded as weeds nevertheless their blossoms are as beautiful as many garden flowers. Many of these native or wild plants may be transplanted to the flower garden, where they will thrive, and each autumn give a brilliant display of blossoms when cold has killed most flowers. Half a dozen kinds planted together will rival any bed of cultivated plants and will elicit admiration from everyone.

### Migrations of Nuts.

"Yes, thank you," said the professor of botany, as the mistress of the house at which he was visiting passed him the nuts. "I am very fond of nuts," he added, as he pushed the finger bowl away and began deprecations with a pair of nutcrackers on some of a peculiarly stubborn variety, which at first baffled his most vigorous attempts.

"I suppose you know every nut by name and all about their ancestry and birthplace?" said the younger daughter of the household, who had just returned for the summer vacation from Vassar.

"I would like to know a great deal more about them," was the non-committal reply. "I have always had the greatest interest in nuts ever since the time that as a boy I went out on nutting parties. The children of this age do not go nutting, as their fathers and grandfathers did. Nuts have become a most important article of commerce at the present time, and I read only yesterday that 50,000,000 Brazil nuts, the kind I have in my fingers, are exported from the South American port of Paralone. These nuts are obtained from a remarkable tree, which attains the height of 100 feet before the branches spread out. The trees are buttressed in the lower part of the trunk, affording a sort of tent-like room for a small family. The nuts grow in large capsules, which, when they fall to the ground, are split open by the natives, and thus the nuts are gathered.

"One can buy at almost any grocery now more than a dozen kinds of nuts, each of which represents for the most part a different part of the earth. Here in this dish, for instance, are walnuts, pecans, hazelnuts, butternuts, filberts, cobnuts, chestnuts and our own American peanut. The walnut is a strange sort of vagrant, and so it has earned its name, which in the German means foreign nut.

"It has changed its habitat until it has gone all around the world. It is a close relative to the butternut and was first found almost as far north as the Arctic circle. At a later date it appeared in France, and then shifted to Japan. After several centuries it was again introduced into Europe from the country south of the Caucasus. Hence its name, as a foreigner. I don't know of a city where I have been that there is not a Filbert street," said the professor, after he had discovered a filbert nut at the bottom of the dish. "The reason is that the filbert has long been a popular nut. It is named after a German saint, whose day is August 22. The chief difference between filberts and cobnuts is that the first are longer, with the involucre completely covering the nut, while the cobnuts are rounder, with less husk.

"England is the home of the hazelnut and English hazelnuts, by the way are far superior to our American varieties.

"In the old country the cultivation of hazelnuts has been carried on with such success that the nut has become a dainty, and is ranked as such."

"But you said something about 'even

our American peanut,'" said the Vassar student, "and you said it as if the peanut belonged to a lower class. You didn't mean to make fun of the poor peanut, did you?"

"Well, not make fun of it, exactly," replied the professor, "but we all know, nevertheless, that the poor peanut is made fun of, abused and regarded as a poor man's nut by a great many people. I suppose the reason is that it is such an easy nut to eat that it has become common and hence regarded as vulgar by those people who are always trying to avoid what the majority, or, as they term it, the masses, do. Peanuts can be carried anywhere, and by some are eaten about everywhere. Hence the contempt for the peanut has caused, not by the peanut itself by those who persist in the abuse of eating it indiscriminately."

"But the peanut is not truly a nut?" interrupted the girl collegian, as she looked at her mother to see what effect the question would have.

"Very true," answered the botanist. "Strictly speaking it is a pod much the same as peas or beans. And the reason that I said that it is American is because it was found growing in Central America. It was then transplanted to Brazil and Peru. It next found its way to China, and was carried by the Chinese to India, Ceylon and the Malay archipelago. Then the Portuguese adventurers carried it in their slave ships to Africa. In later days it has invaded Australia, as well."

"Which is another evidence of the 'American invasion,'" said the father of the household, who played mumble-teg with the professor forty years before.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

### A Good Thing by Dr. Johnson.

The famous Dr. Johnson had so much bothered his London publisher, Andrew Millar, in the printing of his dictionary, that when it was finally completed, Mr. Millar wrote as follows:

"Mr. Andrew Millar's compliments to Dr. Johnson, and he thanks God that he is done with him."

To which came this reply: "Dr Johnson is glad to know that Mr. Andrew Millar has the grace to thank God for anything."

Another good story of Dr. Johnson is that, when he proposed matrimony to the lady who became his wife, she told him that she couldn't marry because one of her uncles had been hung, to which the doctor replied that he didn't know that any of his relatives had ever been hung, but that he had several who ought to have been.

### Log Cabin Philosophy.

It's mighty hard ter turn over de new leaf, kaze some er de New Year books comes uncut.

Folks dat always lookin' fer a bushel er happiness never stops ter think dey might er got 'long wid a pint measure.

De worl' is gittin' better, but human natur' is still wid us, en won't pay de gas bill 'twel de last day er grace.

### Certain of That.

Constituent—Senator, I am thinking of settling in Negoshia county. Do you suppose an industrious man could do well there?

Senator Lotsmun—He ought to. I know there's a good deal more money in circulation in that county than there was before I began my last campaign.

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With a very little effort you can easily earn any premium you may want such as Watches, Clocks, Musical Instruments, Morris Chairs, Sewing Machines, Rifles, Dinner Sets, Lace Curtains, Silver Sets, Desks, etc. Our Big Premium Book of over 100 pages describes these and over 200 other beautiful presents, and tells you how you may have them without investing a single cent. This book is free. Write for it today.

Don't send us one cent, simply write for full particulars which will give you by return mail free of charge. After you see our plan we know you will agree with us when we say "It is a snap" for any wide-awake man or woman and the best chance to make money that has ever been offered by a reliable company. Write today. It means money for you.

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Over \$10.00 Worth of Standard Goods Shipped to Anyone.

You can easily establish a profitable and permanent business right in your own town by helping us introduce our high-grade Soaps, Perfumes, Extracts, Toilet Soaps and other household necessities. You do not need any capital, as under our new plan we do not ask you to send us a single cent for this big box which contains over \$10.00 worth of beautiful and quick-selling articles which are used and needed every day in the homes. We have already established over 2,500 men and women in business, and every one of them has followed our instructions has made a grand success. You can very easily make from

**\$15.00 to \$50.00 A WEEK.**

If you want a good chance to make money here is an opportunity to establish, without capital or experience, that will provide you with a handsome income. We take all the risk as we send you this big box before you send us a cent. If you are honest, ambitious and willing to work that is all we ask. Every working agent succeeds.

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SAGINAW M. CO., 1409 Washington Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

SEND NO MONEY

## A Box of Candy For Christmas FREE

We have been very fortunate in making the acquaintance of the manager of a large candy factory which, beginning in December of this year is going to put on the market the finest chocolate candy made in America at \$1.00 a lb. Box. They desire to introduce it into every home in America and we have arranged with them to distribute a certain number of trial boxes which are one-fourth the size of the dollar boxes. For the factory to advertise these trial boxes would cost thousands of dollars. We have agreed to distribute them to our agents and subscribers without cost to them and to partly pay us for the space used, we ask that you obtain for us two trial subscriptions to Vick's Family Magazine for three months each at our special trial price of 10c and send us the 20c, on receipt of which we will send you absolutely Free postpaid a quarter pound box of this excellent candy. If you are not now a subscriber to Vick's your own subscription will be accepted as one of them. "Do It Now," as the number of boxes of chocolates at our disposal is limited. We guarantee that you will be delighted with the sweets as they are the finest to be had in this country. These special Christmas boxes will not be ready for mailing until Dec. 15th, but will be sent to reach you by Christmas sure. Do not delay in sending the subscriptions or you may be too late as the number of boxes is limited and Vick's goes to a large number of families.

## Vick's Family Magazine.

## This 23-Piece Tea Set is Yours

We are giving it away to advertise our business. We positively give you a beautiful genuine imported 23-piece Tea Set for family use. It is made of thin (egg shell) imported china. It is the daintiest, richest and most artistic set ever given away for a small amount of work. There is nothing else for you to do but just this: Send us your name and address. We will send you our eight beautiful new colored art pictures each 16 by 20 inches in size, suitable for framing and worthy a place in the best homes. Your friends will take one on sight.

By our special plan you can easily dispose of them at 25 cents each. Send us the \$2.00 you receive and we will forward you, all charges prepaid, without one cent of cost to you, this beautiful imported 23-piece Tea Set. We are an incorporated company of over five years standing, and are absolutely reliable. Do not miss this wonderful opportunity. It is the greatest offer ever made by us or any other firm. Do not delay. Write us at once. We also give away many other valuable premiums, such as: Gold Watch, Silverware, Table Linen, Toilet Set, Pocket Knives, Rifles, Lace Curtains, etc. All premiums sent charges prepaid. Address W.W. ELLIS, Mgr., 51 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO



**November Party.**

November gave a party;  
The leaves by hundreds came—  
The Ashes, Oaks, and Maples,  
And those of every name;  
The sunshine spread a carpet,  
And everything was dancing;  
Miss Weather led the grand;  
Professor Wind the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,  
The Oaks in crimson dressed;  
The lovely Misses Maple  
In scarlet looked their best.  
And balanced all their partners  
And gaily fluttered by—  
The sight was like a rainbow  
New fallen from the sky.

Then in the rustic hollows  
At "hide and seek" they played;  
The party closed at sundown,  
And everybody stayed.  
Professor Wind played louder,  
They flew along the ground,  
And then the party ended  
In jolly "hands around."

**How Salt Cools Coffee.**

Between bites of the simple breakfast he had ordered, the young clerk gazed nervously at the restaurant clock. It was plain he had overslept himself, and was paving the way to future indigestion by bolting his food. The coffee was the stumbling block. It was hot, very hot, but the clerk needed it badly and he sipped it carefully, having due regard for his mouth and tongue. But time pressed, and, with a parting glance at the clock, he reached for his glass of ice water and prepared to pour some of the frigid fluid into his cup.

"Don't spoil your coffee, young man," said an elderly gentleman who was eating his breakfast on the other side of the table. "You take all the good out of it by putting ice or ice water in it."

The clerk was at first inclined to resent the interference, but the patriarchal appearance of the other man tempered his resentment.

"What am I to do?" he asked. "I am late for the office, and I want this coffee badly."

"Let me show you a little scheme," said the elderly man. Taking the cylindrical salt cellar from the table, he wiped it carefully with a napkin, then reaching over deposited the glass vessel in the cup of coffee.

"Salt, you know, has peculiar cooling properties," he said, meanwhile holding the receptacle firmly in position. "They put it with ice to intensify the cold when making ice cream. It is used extensively in cold storage warehouses for cooling purposes, and being incased in glass does not affect its power to any great extent."

As he spoke he withdrew the salt cellar from the coffee and motioned to the younger man to drink. He raised the cup to his lips, and to his surprise found the liquid cooled to such an extent that he could drink it without inconvenience.

"The uses of salt are manifold," said the elderly man with the air of one beginning a lecture. "I remember once when I was in Mexico—"

But the clerk, with another glance at the clock, thanked him profusely and dashed out of the restaurant.

*New York Mail-Express.*

Migratory birds invisible to the eye have been detected by the telescope crossing the disk of the sun some six miles above the earth. They have found one of the secret places of the Most High; far above the earth, invisible to the human eye, hidden in the light, they were delightfully safe from the fear of evil. Thus it is with the soul that soars into the heavenly places. No arrow can reach it, no fowler betray it, no creature of prey make it afraid; it abides in the shadow of the Almighty.

*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

**Little Hints on Good Breeding.**

Charm of manner may be an acquirement as well as an endowment. Manner is much more subtle than manners. Manners may take on a fine polish, but manner is the unconscious expression of the inner self, of the personality which, when revealing a lovely soul, is the most

commanding and persuasive force that one can exert.

A loud laugh, an over-vivacious manner betrays a lack of breeding. Copy the stillness of form, the quiet poise, which is the great charm of English women, while a vivacity somewhat under restraint adds that which is winning and piquante in the manner of our own countrywomen.

In sitting, place one foot slightly in advance of the other, as a Frenchwoman always does. There will then be no effort needed to rise properly—it is done without strain on any one set of muscles, and is natural, easy and graceful.

When one has spent a day or more in visiting at a friend's house, ordinary courtesy demands that, on one's return home, a note shall be written promptly to the hostess thanking her for her pleasant hospitality.

A gentleman does not make a girl conspicuous by over-attention nor shun her when he is thrown into her society simply because she does not attract him.

A man, acknowledging a lady's recognition in a restaurant or hotel dining-room, should rise partly from his chair.

Politeness is the best defense against other people's bad manners.

An engaged girl should accept from her lover only such gifts as might be returned to him uninjured, should the engagement be broken. It is bad form to offer or accept wearing apparel.

Many persons prefer not to announce their engagements until there is a prospect of the marriage taking place within a year.

The form of announcement of an engagement, among persons who make a fashion by following it, is by note. The young woman writes to her girl friends and the man to his intimates; the mothers of the "happy pair" also write to those whom they desire shall receive early information. The recipients of the pleasant news then pass it on.

In choosing subjects of conversation, some one has aptly said that the three "d's" should be avoided—"dress, domestics and diseases."

It is sometimes kinder and in better taste to accept a compliment than to parry it.

*Mrs. Burton Kingsland in Success.*

**An Incident of the Road.**

An automobilist who was touring through the country saw walking ahead of him a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the owner. "I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said; "Will \$5 fix it?"

"Oh, yes," said the man; "\$5 will fix it, I guess."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance he looked down at the dead animal.

"I wonder whose dog it was," he said.

*Harper's Weekly.*

**The Reason.**

I entered just as they were in the middle of the conversation.

"And I kept carrying the dirt away from it," he said, "and it kept getting bigger and getting bigger and getting bigger."

I interrupted in the interests of accuracy; for, I reasoned, if he kept carrying the dirt away from it, it must in the nature of things have kept getting smaller and smaller. I commented upon this. He looked at me unpleasantly.

"We were digging a hole, you chump!" he said.

**FREE ADVICE ON CURING CATARRH**



CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Read these questions carefully, answer them yes or no and send them with the Free Medical Advice Coupon. Specialist Sproule will study them thoroughly and write you in regard to your case, without its costing you a cent.

- Is your throat raw?
- Do you sneeze often?
- Is your breath foul?
- Are your eyes watery?
- Do you take cold easily?
- Is your nose stopped up?
- Does your nose feel full?
- Do you have to spit often?
- Do crusts form in your nose?
- Are you worse in damp weather?
- Do you blow your nose a good deal?
- Are you losing your sense of smell?
- Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
- Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
- Do you have pains across your forehead?
- Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
- Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
- Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
- Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail to me as soon as possible. 'Twill cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, (Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.) 16 Trade Building, Boston.

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer! Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

Don't think it can't be vanquished just because you have not sought help in the right place.

Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week, or a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

Catarrh is more than an annoying trouble—more than an unclean disease—more than a brief ailment. It's the advance guard of Consumption. Neglected Catarrh too often becomes Consumption. It has opened the door of death for thousands. Take it in hand now—before it's too late.

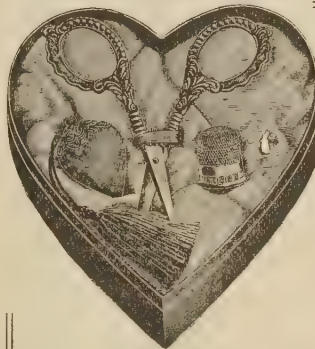
I'll gladly diagnose your case and give you free consultation and advice. It shall not cost you a cent.

**LET ME TELL YOU JUST HOW TO CURE CATARRH**

Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my twenty-one years of experience—my vast knowledge of Catarrh and the way to cure it.

**FREE MEDICAL ADVICE COUPON** Catarrh Specialist SPROULE, 16 Trade Building, Boston, please send me entirely free of charge, your advice on the cure of Catarrh.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....



**Sterling Sewing Silver Set FREE**

SEND us only four yearly subscriptions for Vick's Family Magazine at 50 cents each and we will send you free of all charge this beautiful sterling silver sewing set in handsome silk lined heart shaped case. What more useful and appropriate gift for mother, sister, wife or friend, and it will be a daily reminder of the giver. Scissors of best quality and mountings warranted to be sterling silver. Price postpaid \$2.00, or with one year's subscription to Vick's \$2.25, or given as a premium for selling 20 of our coupons at 10 cents each, good for six months subscriptions to Vick's.

**VICK'S FAMILY MAGAZINE,**

**WANTED** 10 men in each state to travel, post signs, distribute samples, and advertise our goods. Salary \$75 a month, \$3 a day for expenses. Expenses advanced. KUEHLMAN CO., Dept. C, Atlas Bldg., CHICAGO.

**Post Cards** 12 Beautiful Souvenir Cards New York views, No Two alike, 10 cents 4 Christmas Post Cards 10 cents. B Place Souvenir Co., Belleville, N. J.

**13<sup>95</sup> 2<sup>85</sup> Lowest Prices 14<sup>70</sup>**

Family range with high closet, \$13.95. The Little Giant oak heater, \$2.85. The Triumph base burner, \$14.70. Rare bargains in all kinds of stoves.

Very lowest prices for good, honestly made heaters. We are the largest retailers in America—our annual sales are enormous. We crowd the prices down by taking the entire output of large factories. Don't buy until you see our prices. Finest designs and most reliable construction. Our heaters and ranges built to please—30 days trial. Write for catalogue. We will send it by return mail. Don't buy until you hear from us.

Address **Montgomery Ward & Co.** Michigan Ave., Madison and Washington Sts., Chicago

See our Catalogue for description.

Write for Stove Catalogue.

### EPILEPSY

If you suffer from Epileptic Fits or Falling Sicknes or have children that do so, my New Discovery and Treatment will CURE them, and all you are asked to do is send for FREE BOTTLE of Epileptic and Test it. Thousands CURED where everything else failed. Complete directions with free treatment, also testimonials and 64-page book, "Epilepsy Explained," free by mail. Give AGE and full address.

W. H. MAY, M. D. 96 Pine St., New York.

"THE BUSINESS GUIDE" is the fastest seller any writer he would not be without his copy for \$1,000,000; all classes need and buy this book; price only \$1.00. One agent says, "I have sold 1,000 copies in six weeks." Average agents make \$500.00 a month. Write to-day for exclusive territory and our FREE OUTFIT. We pay large commissions.

**J. L. NICHOLS & CO., Naperville, Ill.**

### MEN AND WOMEN WANTED

to work our Rapid Hosiery Machines at their homes, making Hosiery for us to sell the trade. No previous experience necessary; no canvassing; Steady Work; Good Money Earned; Write today.

Sterling H. M. Co., 515 River St., Port Huron, Mich.

### Rain Coats

I sell Rain Coats for Men and Women at two dollars and fifty cents per garment less than any retailer can give. I am reliable and my coats are reliable. A postal will bring samples and prices.

W. H. PORTER, Syracuse, N. Y.  
906 E. Genesee St.,

### WIRE-\$1.40 Per 100 Lbs.

Smooth galvanized wire, put up 100 lbs. to a bale, lengths running up to 250 ft. No. 14 gauge, per 100 lbs. \$1.40. Write for prices on other gauges. Fence staples, per 100 lbs. \$2.00. Wire nails, mixed in a keg, per 100 lbs. \$1.60. Barbed wire, per 100 lbs. \$2.25. Poultry netting, etc., etc., at low prices. Ask for Catalogue No. E. 44 on merchandise of all kinds from Sheriffs' and Receivers' sales.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO., West 5th & Iron Sts., Chicago

### \$183 EVERY MONTH

Selling Positive Tension Shears. Nothing like them. A newly patented device makes them self-sharpening. Never on the market before. BIG PROFIT guaranteed. Secure territory now. Our help all the time.

Thomas Shears Co., Dept. 5252, Dayton, O.


### 30 LOVELY CARDS

with your name printed on all 30 Songs with Music, 48 verses, 50 Made Shakes, 54 Instructions, 54 Prayers, 50 Puzzles with Solutions, 101 Conundrums, 50 Games, 400 Jokes, 100 Money-making Secrets, 100 Valuable Receipts, 256 Albums and Love Verses, 14 Complete Secret Formulas, etc., etc., 60 cents.

TUTTLE BROS. CO., BOX 8, TOTOKEET, CONN.

### LEARN VETERINARY DENTISTRY

and make \$2000 a year. We teach you at home in three months of your spare time by illustrated lectures and grant diploma with degree. The Detroit Veterinary Dental College, Detroit, Mich.



Send names of 5 doctors or dealers and 65c, and receive postpaid a \$2.00 Fountain Pen. This offer is to secure names of those who use Fountain Pens.

HARVEY FOUNTAIN CO., 400 Main St., Northampton, Mass.

### Don't MARRY, DOCTOR or despair.

"Don't do a thing" till you see clearly what is BEST by aid of FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE, on health, disease, love, marriage and parenthood. Tells what you'd ask a doctor, but don't like to. 240 pages, illustrated, 25 cents; but to introduce it we will send one only to any adult for postage, 10 cents.

MURRAY HILL BOOK CO., 129 East 28th Street, New York.

### CARDS

Send 2c stamp for LARGEST and FINEST Sample Book of Hidden Names, Envelopes, Silk Fringe, Calling and Business Cards ever made. For strictly up-to-date Cards, Fine Premiums, Low Prices and promptness in filling orders, we lead.

COLUMBUS CARD CO., 29 N. St., Columbus, O.

### GOOD PAY WANTED MEN

everywhere—to distribute circulars, advertising matter, tack signs etc. No canvassing. Address:

NATIONAL ADVERTISING CO., 1020 Oakland Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

### 2941

Hidden Names, Friendship, Silk Fringe, Envelopes and all other kinds of CARDS and Business Premiums. List all for a 2-cent stamp.

OHIO CARD COMPANY, CANTON, OHIO.

### MOLES

And Warts removed without pain or danger. No scar left. We tell how free.

M. E. M. Dispensary 2, Rochester, N. Y.

### LADIES

Write for free sample Clover Blossom. (10 days trial) sure cure for all female diseases.

P. O. Box 335, Mrs. C. Freeman Toledo, O.

### X-RAY SCIENTIFIC WONDER 10c

With it you can see the bones through your flesh, the lead in a pencil, or through your clothes apparently; makes every thing seem transparent; lots of fun. Postpaid 10c, 5 for 25c. FREE with each order the first 1000 X-Ray Pictures moving pictures, C. H. Armstrong, Canton, O. 20 Chicago.

### BIG MONEY—Easy Work.

We make a liberal offer to reliable agents and salesmen to sell our TRANSPARENT HANDLE KNIVES. Indestructible and razor steel. We place any photo, emblem or name under transparent handle. Send for terms and photo, of handsome pocket sample case. Exclusive Territory to Agents.

CANTON CUTLERY CO., Canton, O.  
1259 E. 10th St.,

### The Lake Champlain Quaker.

The people who love it will defy you to find a more beautiful lake anywhere; and, anyway, if the voyagers to the New World had discovered nothing else, it would have been worth all the trouble they took coming over. Big and gracious, and commanding as some dear princess, it sweeps to the northern border, and the mountains range themselves on either side, watching and adoring.

The largest island in the lake is long and wide, and has several townships of its own. Somewhere about 1785 a family of Quakers came from the South and found the place. "The Lord," they said, "has led us into ways of peace. Here we will live, and the blessing of Heaven will be with us." They labored at their wholesome toil and their minds were filled with wholesome thoughts. Sun and storm succeeded sun and storm, and the years passed, and they found rest unto the third generation.

In 1861, when the stricken country cried for men to save her, the note of war came to the island, and the great-grandson of the first Quaker was drafted. "But it will be no use," he said. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion and my father's, and their fathers'. I shall never raise my hand to kill anyone."

The recruiting officer took little notice. "We'll see about that later," he commented carelessly.

The regiment went to Washington and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight. "But I shall never fight," he reiterated.

Word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for refractory soldiers were visited on him. He went through them without flinching, and there was only one thing left. He was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker was a nice boy with steady eyes and a square chin, and he smiled a little. "That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guard-house and the colonel went to the President, to Lincoln, who was great because he knew the hearts of men. The case was put before him—of the mutinous Quaker who talked of his religion, the soldier who refused to fight, who defied pain and laughed at the fear of death.

Lincoln listened and looked relieved. "Why, that is plain enough," he answered. "There is only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can't kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men wherever they are. Send him home."

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.

Lippincott's.

The members of the family do not doubt that she understood what was said about "going home."

### A Methodical Being.

A man of method, who attended to everything on schedule time, whether it was work or recreation, had the fortune to fall in love when he had passed the age of forty. The mistress of his heart put up with his oddities. He had regular nights for calling upon her, regular hours for coming and going, regular theatre and club nights, etc. In fact she looked upon his regularity as something admirable.

Things had been going on in this way for two years, and finally the great crisis came. They were to be married. The day was fixed, the wedding clothes were made, the guests invited and the minister was engaged.

At the appointed time they were all assembled. The bride was dressed, the wedding presents were displayed, but the bridegroom came not. The bride wept and fainted, but it did no good. Finally some friends of the delinquent groom hurried away to see if he could be found. He could. He was at home in his room, reading as unconcernedly as if he had never contemplated getting married.

"What is the matter? Why don't you come to your wedding?" shouted his friends.

The man of regular habits laid down his books.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but this is my regular day for staying at home and reading. I forgot it when I made the engagement. The wedding will have to be postponed."

London Tit-Bits.

### Too Many Questions.

The fallacy of asking too many questions is generally followed by much embarrassment.

I was stopping at a large hotel, and one day as I came out and took my hat from the hands of the hat keeper I said to him: "How do you know that is my hat?" "I don't know it, suh," said the boy. "Then why do you give it to me?" I insisted. "Because," replied the boy, "you gave it to me!"

Lippincott's.

### Believe the Cat Understood.

A family which had lived in a flat for a number of years left it at the first of the summer and moved to a cottage in the northern suburbs in order that their children might have the benefit of the spacious grounds which surrounded the house. The family cat, with several kittens, was taken to the summer home, and so far as known didn't leave the place during the three months the family remained there.

Several mornings since, while at the breakfast table, the lady of the house said to her husband: "I think I shall take the children and return home this morning. We will open up the house and get things in shape so that we can move back the first of September."

She noticed the cat looking at her intently as she spoke, but thought nothing of it until several hours later, when she and the children reached the flat. As they came up they beheld the cat perched on the steps as if waiting for them and showing every evidence of delight at getting back to the old home.

### TOBACCO HABIT CURED

#### SECRETLY TRIAL FREE!

My husband tried in many remedies that failed. We were discouraged and had no faith when we tried this wonderful New Discovery. It was guaranteed; it cured. It cures so the very worst slaves of tobacco and makes them forever abhor it. It saves money and health and is a Heaven-sent blessing to women—who cure loved ones by giving a powder in tea, coffee and food, secretly. (In tablet form for willing patients.) I gladly send a FREE trial package to anyone. State if relief remedy is wanted and send 2 stamps. Address:

MRS. K. A. DOWNING, 125 Victory Bldg., Dayton, O.

### GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold Plated case, was wanted to keep correct time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch. Warranted for 25 years; also a Solid Filled Ring set with a Sparkling Gem are given free to any one for selling only 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Send name and address for Jewelry; when sold send us the \$2 and we will send you the Gold Watch and Ring.

Watch and the Ring, EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 71, East Boston, Mass.

### 10 CTS. GRAPHONE

We have here the latest in the miniature talking machine ever out. It is the smallest thing in the musical line we ever saw. It has all the appearance of the large disk Phonograph, and when you turn the crank on the back the music will be heard coming out of the horn. It is finished in bright attractive colors and packed in a strong box and mailed for 10 Cents.

J. J. PIKE Stamford, Conn.


### Free Information

Are you troubled with any weakness, varicocele, stricture, atrophy, etc., etc.? Write for my free book, sent sealed. It will explain how to cure yourself at home without drugs or electricity. No detention from business. Write to-day.


R. P. EMMET, Denver, Colorado.  
127 Nassau Blk.,

### WATER DOCTOR

WILL TEST URINE FREE. Send small bottle of your morning urine. I will make analysis and forward opinion of case free. If tired of being experimented upon by physicians who guess at your disease, consult a water doctor. Interesting 63 page book free. Mailing case for urine furnished on receipt of 2c stamp. Dr. G. D. S. has 107 Garfield Place, Cincinnati, O.



POETS have sung the praises of the babbling brook for ages and the lovers of nature have reveled in the deep, restful shade by the side of the stream; but it was left for the famous Fisher, the great landscape artist, to put it on canvas in black and white to delight the eyes of all lovers of art and nature. As one sits and looks at this picture he can almost hear the rippling water as it dashes over the rocks, and can easily imagine that he sees his own likeness mirrored in the placid stream. We were fortunate enough to obtain the original of this great picture direct from the artist himself, and have had it engraved especially as a



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Only  
Fifty  
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Three  
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for  
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Dollar

souvenir for Vick subscribers. It is engraved on large sheets of American Creme Mat Board and is especially well suited for framing. For the next sixty days we will mail one of these beautiful pictures free and postpaid to every one who sends us fifty cents for a years subscription to Vicks Family Magazine, or one dollar for three years. Address

VICK PUBLISHING CO.,

**The Cooking of Fruit.**

A paragraph which has been going the rounds rather extensively, informs the housewife that a little soda (saleratus) added to stewed fruit when it is being cooked lessens the quantity of sugar required to sweeten it.

While this is true, it is equally the fact that the soda accomplishes this result by destroying the acidity of the fruit, and in the process the life and flavor are, to an extent injured. A preserve to which soda has been added is rather flat and tasteless when compared with one which is made entirely of fruit, sweetened with sugar.

The wise and truly economical housewife will not destroy the flavor of a healthful and pleasing dish of stewed fruit in order to effect a saving so very, very small.

Fruit that is over acid, such as cranberries, red currants, gooseberries, etc., will call for less sugar in sweetening if they are prepared in the following manner: After washing the fruit, place it in an agate kettle and cover with clear cold water. Set the kettle over the fire and bring the contents quickly to the boiling point; pour off the water, and then set the kettle where the fruit will cook slowly in the usual way, adding only enough water to keep the fruit from burning. Add sugar sufficient to make the preserve palatable, and do not add the sugar until just before the fruit is removed from the fire, since less is required than when the sweetening is cooked with the fruit.

The juice or water that was poured off the fruit, at first, can be made very cold, sweetened with sugar and served as a drink; it may also be used in place of water or milk for the foundation of a pudding sauce, a little sugar being added and the whole thickened with corn starch or arrowroot. Apples or pears may be sliced and cooked in this fruit juice instead of using water in the usual way, and it can also be used in mincemeat, in fruit cakes or boiled puddings.

Fruit should never be placed on the front of the range and stewed like a vegetable. Its appearance is much more attractive if it is kept as entire as possible. Apples and pears should be cut into quarters or eighths, and laid in the saucepan carefully, a very little water or fruit juice added and the cover kept on the saucepan all the time they are being cooked.

*What to Eat.*

**The Guidance of Reason.**

The villagers were all gathered round the little store, talking about Sam Jones' lost colt. It was a two-year-old and had strayed out of the pasture lot the day before. Sam was worried about it, the neighbors had all been out looking for it without success, and no one seemed to know where to look for it.

Jim stood there, looking on and listening. Jim was a tall, lank young fellow, regarded as half-witted by some persons and as foolish by others.

"I think I could find your horse," he said to Sam Jones.

"You? Why Jim, how do you think you could find him when we have had the best men in town out looking for him?"

"Wal," said Jim, "I could try, couldn't I?"

"Yes," answered the owner, "you can try, and if you find him I'll give you a dollar."

"All right," said Jim, and walked away on his search. To the surprise of all, he returned in less than half an hour, leading the missing horse by a rope tied round his neck.

"Well, well!" said Jones, as he took the horse and paid Jim the dollar, "how in the world did you find him so quick?"

Jim answered, in his long drawn out words, "Why I thought, 'Now it I was a horse, where would I go?' And so I went there, and he had." *Youth's Companion.*

Writing in 1821 to his son Walter, then a lieutenant in the Fifteenth Hussars, Sir Walter Scott says: "I wish I heard of you giving some part of the day to useful reading; that is a habit as well as other habits, and may be acquired or lost, and when it is lost a man cannot escape being a trifle for his whole life." *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*

**Our Clubbing Offers.**

We present this month some of the greatest bargains in periodical literature ever offered by an American publisher. We have endeavored to arrange the clubs so that every one will be able to find a combination to suit them, but if you don't find listed below the club you desire, write us for prices before ordering elsewhere.

We have excellent facilities for handling subscriptions and will give all orders prompt and careful attention. We can save you money if you order your magazines of us.

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We can furnish you any one of the following clubs for only \$1.00. The publications listed will be sent one year each to one or different addresses.

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| Vick's Family Magazine<br>Cosmopolitan                     | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Up to date Farming<br>Green's Fruit Grower<br>American Poultry Advocate<br>Woman's Magazine | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Goodall's Farmer<br>Household<br>American Poultry Journal                   | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Pictorial Review<br>Green's Fruit Grower  | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Reliable Poultry Journal<br>Tribune Farmer   |
| Vick's Family Magazine<br>Commoner                         | Vick's Family Magazine<br>People's Popular Monthly<br>Green's Fruit Grower<br>Household Realm<br>Mayflower            | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Farm Life<br>Farm News<br>American Poultry Advocate<br>Green's Fruit Grower | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Kimball's Dairy Farmer<br>Mayflower<br>Reliable Poultry Journal<br>Woman's Magazine | Vick's Family Magazine<br>Farmer's Voice<br>Household Realm<br>Poultry Keeper<br>Vick's Family Magazine<br>Housekeeper<br>Tribune Farmer |

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These offers give big value for the money and will furnish the best of reading matter for the whole family to same or separate addresses.

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  - Poultry Tribune
  - Woman's Farm Journal
  - Woman's Magazine
  - Woman's World
  - Twentieth Century Review
  - U. S. Farmer
  - American Queen
  - Household
- CLASS B.**
- Agricultural Epitomist
  - Commercial Poultry
  - Everywhere
  - Farm and Fireside
  - Farm and Home
  - Farm Life
  - The Farmer
  - Game Fanciers Journal
  - Farmer's Voice
  - Poultry Herald
  - Poultry Success
  - Madame
  - Beauty and Health
  - Goodall's Farmer
  - Heartstone
- CLASS C.**
- American Boy
  - Good Health
  - Indiana Farmer
  - Michigan Farmer
  - National Magazine
  - Ohio Farmer
  - Pilgrim
  - Pictorial Review
  - Practical Farmer
  - Prairie Farmer
  - New York Tribune Farmer
  - Weekly Courier-Journal
  - Farm, Field & Fireside
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Words cannot express the good they have done me. E. Gay, Dublin, Ga. (Cured after suffering five years.)

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## The Story of a Turkey.

De parson say: "Dat turkey De bes' I ever see; I wonders whar dey kotched it, En whar de roost kin be?"

"I foun' him on de do'step— A -shiverin' in de storm; I fotched him ter de fire En put him on ter warm.

"En den I gits so drowsy I nodin' up en down; En w'en I waked, de fire Had cooked dat turkey bron!"

Dat way he told de story; W'en sudden, on de do', Dey come a mighty knockin' Dat almos' shuck de flo'.

De parson stomped de fire— His foot wuz fire-proof! En den clumb up de chimney En crawled out on de roof.

De sheriff say: "Dat turkey De bes' I ever see! I knows des whar he kotched him— He gwine home wid me!"

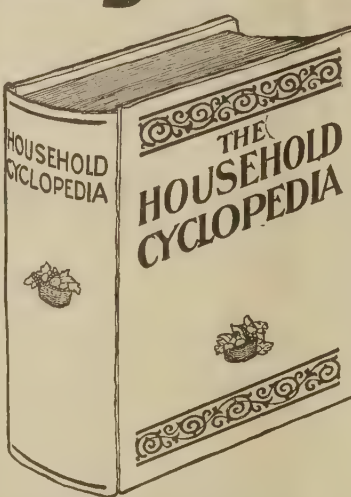
## The Extension of Life.

It is gratifying to learn from "American Medicine" that the span of life is growing longer and that in the future centenarians will be even more common than they are at present. To be sure, those who ask the question, Is life worth living? will hardly rejoice over this announcement, but the majority of people long for a hale and hearty old age, and find this world too beautiful a place to leave except with sincere regret. They are willing to put off the realization of the something after this as long as possible and have no dread of childishness and mere oblivion.

Many indeed, have retained their faculties unimpaired until after they have passed the hundred year mark, including among twenty-three others in England, Mrs. Hanbury of Richmond, Surrey, who did not shake off her mortal coil until she was in her 109th year. Then there was Lady Carew of County Waterford, Ireland, who was born in 1798 and did not pass out of existence until a short time ago. We have beside the record in the Lancet of a man who died in the Blackburn workhouse at 105, following in longevity his mother, who reached a similar age, and there is no knowing how long his sister might have lived under happier auspices, for she was killed at 102, when she was, perhaps, hoping to outlive her long-living relatives. Centenarians, it seems, are not confined to any degree, class or condition, and they flourish among the intemperate as well as the sober, among the dishonest as well as the strictly upright, and among the clean as well as the unclean. Centenarianism appears in many instances to have been inherited, and to have no connection with sanitary precautions or surroundings, though, perhaps, some of its enjoyers might have climbed up into the rarefied atmosphere in which of old dwelt Methuselah, if they had taken reasonably good care of themselves, for American Medicine says that all the evidence now before the scientific world goes to show that the average period of human life is extending far beyond old-fashioned borders, and this, it is believed, is due to additional physical comforts and the almost universal diffusion of some of the fundamental maxims of hygiene. By the end of the twentieth century, it concludes, "the physician will be no longer required to include in his duty the care of disease. He will only require to maintain the efficiency of his scouts and outposts, so as to insure timely warning of every approaching invasion of microscopic enemies, if any happen to be still left; and all his other energies may be devoted to the provision of means for the lengthening of the span of human life."

Though we may not be on this planet to see this improved state of things, it is pleasant to contemplate the idea that our descendants will be nearer the millennium than we are in this year of grace 1905. The Japanese, by the way, had many aged generals in the field in their late war with Russia, and nearly everywhere we find that men who are no longer young are demanded for action as well as counsel.

# Big Dollar Offer



WE have been looking for a year for a premium which we could honestly say gave the best value we, or any other publishing house had ever been able to offer and we feel sure, absolutely sure that we have found it in THE HOUSEHOLD CYCLOPEDIA. It is nicely bound in silk cloth and contains over 500 pages of the most valuable material any housekeeper could possibly own. A complete family doctor—giving symptoms and methods of treatment for nearly every disease. How to make home remedies from herbs. How to nurse the sick. How to prepare food for the sick, etc. etc. Home recipes—How to make nearly every preparation needed about the house for mending, cleaning, polishing, etc., and hundreds of uses which our limited space will not permit us to name. A complete cook-book giving all manners of recipes, directions, illustrations, etc.

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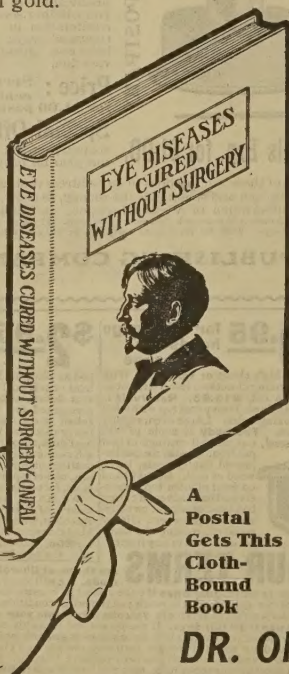
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of Blindness resulting from  
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Just send for the book.  
Don't send any money—not even a postage stamp is necessary.

Physicians either advise the "Knife" or say "Nothing can be done" when consulted in such cases as those whose names are given in my book.

I cure such cases in the patient's own home, easily, quickly and at small expense.

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**Sixty-two Years Without Sight.**

5817 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.,  
May 15, 1905.

Dr. Oren Oneal:—I am 62 years of age and never to my knowledge have had any sight in my left eye on account of Congestion of the Optic Nerve and Cataract. Have taken three months' treatment (by mail) and now have good sight in the left eye and the right eye very much improved.

Mrs. H. J. Butler.

**Had Two Months' Treatment for Optic Nerve Trouble.**

Independence, Mo., May 8, 1905.

Dr. Oren Oneal:—I began using your Dissolvent Treatment, two months ago for Congested Optic Nerve, without much faith, wondering how you could treat eyes when the patient was a thousand miles away. I know now that it can be done. Your method is simple and easy. My eyes are well and my health better.

Miss Lydia T. Carroll.

**Granulated Eyelids of 20 Years' Standing Cured in 26 days.**

Racine, Ohio, Aug., 13, 1905.

Dr. Oren Oneal:—I was afflicted with Granulated Eye Lids for twenty years. After using 26 days of your treatment my eyes are free from granulation and are well and strong. I will further say that the Dissolvent Treatment is mild and soothing and is easily used.

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You can write to any of these people for full particulars about their cure.

**A Consultation Worth \$10—FREE**

But I will go even *further* than my offer to send you postpaid my \$1.00 book, free.

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And you are to be under no obligation of any kind, whatever!

First, you write for my Book.

With it I will enclose a Consultation Blank.

You will fill out this Blank and return it to me.

Then—I will be able to give you proper advice.

Because I will know all your symptoms, as fully as if I gave you a *personal* examination.

Do not delay.

Send me a postal for the book today.

Address

**DR. OREN ONEAL, Suite 931, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**



# An Appeal

To be Fair to Yourself--to Learn by a Test what Liquozone Means to You. The First Bottle is Free.

To you who are sick and are waiting--this appeal is to you. An appeal to be fair with yourself.

Don't think that the help which you need is impossible. Please, for a moment, lay your doubts aside. Send us this coupon and see the good it may bring you. Let us buy you a bottle of Liquozone to try.

The test is free; and, if it succeeds, think what it means to you. And do you suppose we would make this offer if the results were not likely to be satisfactory?

Note what this product has done.

Two years ago, Liquozone was known to but few. Now more than 11,000,000 bottles have been used. Today there are countless cured ones--scattered over half the world--telling what they owe to Liquozone

We ask you to do what they did. Let this product itself prove its power. Please try it at our expense.

## What Liquozone Is.

Liquozone is a tonic germicide, the virtues of which are derived from gas alone. The formula is sent to each user.

The process of making requires large apparatus, and from 8 to 14 days' time. It is directed by chemists of the highest class. The object is to so fix and combine the gases as to carry their virtues into the system.

The gases employed are vitalizing, and the product which results

is a tonic. The gases are germicidal, and the product they create is a harmless germicide. No alcohol, no opiates, no dangerous drugs are employed in it. Nothing whatever but helpful gases, and the water used to absorb them.

The invention of Liquozone meant finding a way to utilize gases in the treatment of germ diseases. And millions know from experience something of what that discovery means to humanity.

## Kills Disease Germs.

The main value of Liquozone lies in the fact that it is deadly to germs, yet harmless to living tissues.

That is not true of common germicides. They are poisons when taken internally. That is why medicine has proved so helpless in dealing with germ diseases. The usual germ-killing drugs cannot be taken in effective doses internally.

Liquozone is harmless. That fact has been repeatedly proved by scientific tests. Not only harmless; it is good for you. Its effects are exhilarating, vitalizing and purifying. Its benefit is often apparent from the very first dose. Yet contact with Liquozone destroys every form of disease germ that has yet been discovered.

Can you not see why this product may do what other remedies fail to accomplish?

## Germ Diseases.

In the past few years, scores of diseases have been traced to germ attacks. These include most of our minor ills, and most of our serious sickness.

A few years ago, all these diseases were attributed to other causes. The remedies made for them were based on theories which have since been abandoned. Is it any wonder that those old-time remedies so often prove ineffective?

Germ diseases call for Liquozone. In any such disease--no matter how difficult--we send to each user a guarantee, permitting two months' treatment at our financial risk. If the results are unsatisfactory, the patient's own druggist returns every penny paid. We do this so that none who need this help may find reason to go without it.

We have sent out many thousands of these guarantees yet less than five in each thousand have been returned for redemption. Can you not see that a remedy so wonderfully effective in general is likely to be effective with you?

## Where It Applies.

These are the diseases in which Liquozone has been most widely employed. In these diseases, more than any others, it has earned its wide reputation. Not all of these are known germ diseases. Authorities differ on some of them. But, according to our experience, these are the diseases to which Liquozone best applies.

In each of these diseases we supply the first bottle free. And in all--no matter how difficult--we offer each user a two months' further test without the risk of a penny.

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| Asthma  | Goltre--Gout         |
| Abscess--Anemia   | Gonorrhoea--Gleet    |
| Bronchitis  | Hay Fever--Influenza |
| Blood Poison  | La Grippe            |
| Bowel Troubles  | Leucorrhoea          |
| Coughs--Colds   | Malaria--Neuralgia   |
| Consumption   | Piles--Quinsy        |
| Contagious Diseases   | Rheumatism           |
| Cancer--Catarrh   | Scrofula--Syphilis   |
| Dysentery--Diarrhoea  | Skin Diseases        |
| Dyspepsia--Dandruff   | Tuberculosis         |
| Eczema--Erysipelas  | Tumors--Ulcers       |
| Fevers--Gall Stones   | Throat Troubles      |
| Also most forms of the following:   |                      |
| Kidney Troubles   | Liver Troubles       |
| Stomach Troubles  | Women's Diseases     |
| Fever, inflammation or catarrh--Impure or poisoned blood--usually indicate a germ attack. |                      |
| In nervous debility Liquozone acts as a vitalizer accomplishing remarkable results.       |                      |

## 50c. Bottle Free.

If you need Liquozone, and have never tried it, please send us this coupon. We will then mail you an order on a local druggist for a full-size bottle, and will pay the druggist ourselves, for it. This is our free, gift made to convince you, to let the product itself show you what it can do. Its acceptance places you under no obligation whatever.

Please don't argue, or doubt, or hesitate. Don't miss the help that millions have employed. Learn at our expense what Liquozone means to you, then judge its value by results. Please send this coupon today.

Liquozone costs 50c. and \$1.

### CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Fill it out and mail it to The Liquozone Company, 458-464 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

My disease is.....  
I have never tried Liquozone, but if you will supply me a 50c bottle free I will take it.

.....  
.....

M 107-A Give full address--write plainly.

Note that this offer applies to new users only. Any physician or hospital not yet using Liquozone will be gladly supplied for a test.